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"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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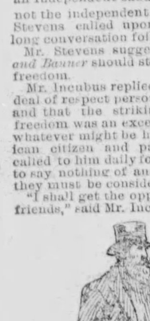
The Demagogue, by D R Locke



CHAPTER XV.

THE GREAT MASON AND STEVENS FIGHT.

MR STEVENS was a man of very considerable wealth, and his supporters were men of wealth; and Mr. Stevens had entered into the contest determined to win, if money and influence could do it. He really wanted to go to Congress; and, besides, he hated Mason as every man of old family hates a new one—an "upstart." Respect for blood is not confined to monarchical England.

But one trouble assailed him at the outset. Every Republican newspaper in the district supported Mason. True, he had the Democratic press, but the Democracy he was sure of in any event. It was the Republicans whom he wanted to reach, and how could he do it without a paper? What is the use of having music in you, unless you have lungs and a throat?

There were then in Pulaski three papers—one Republican, one Democratic, and one Independent. The latter was supported almost exclusively by Republicans. Now the *Shield and Banner* was very independent. It had for its vignette a slave bursting his bonds, and for its motto,

"Here shall the press the people's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."

True, it never paid a dollar; and true it was that Mr. Gamaliel Incubus, its editor, proprietor and sole business manager, was as poverty-stricken a man as ever managed to exist on a business that sunk money regularly.

To the *Shield and Banner* Mr. Stevens turned for an organ. Why not? He was an Independent candidate, and why should not the independent press support him? Stevens called upon Mr. Incubus, and a long conversation followed.

Mr. Stevens suggested that the *Shield and Banner* should strike a manly blow for freedom.

Mr. Incubus replied that he had a great deal of respect personally for Mr. Stevens, and that the striking manly blows for freedom was an excellent thing to do; but whatever might be his feelings as an American citizen and patriot, seven children called to him daily for bread—and butter—to say nothing of an expected eighth; and they must be considered.

"I shall get the opposition of my radical friends," said Mr. Incubus.

"But the principle!" was Mr. Stevens's reply.

"Seven children and a mother-in-law!" said Incubus.

"Think of Mason building up a party controlled by mercenaries, and overriding the will of the people!"

"Think of an empty potato-bin, a pork-barrel which echoes dismally from its empty sides, and a flour-barrel in which there is not enough to make paste!"

"A thousand dollars if you come out for the independent movement! Let me know this afternoon!"

"I can begin to see where my duty to my country leads," said Incubus.

And Mr. Stevens left abruptly.

Mr. Gamaliel Incubus did not ponder very long. To do him justice, he would have preferred to have supported Mason; but a thousand dollars was too great a temptation to resist. He owed his paper-dealer, his landlord and his hands. Then he owed every tradesman in the town, and his notes on hand were as common as leaves. It had become a custom in the town in such matters as horse-trading, when it seemed as if dickering had become exhausted, for one of the traders to say:

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do, and what I won't. I've got a good note for $15. I'll give you that note and my hoss, for your hoss and $5."

"Whose note is it?"

"Incubus's."

And then, if the other man was an old settler, he would answer with a horse-laugh.

Mr. Incubus himself was wont to say that if he should ever become famous, autograph-hunters would have no trouble whatever in securing all they wanted of his signature cheap.

The thousand dollars which Stevens had offered him would at least pay off the mortgage on his house, which was in his wife's name, and give him that much of a foot-hold. That determined him. The *Shield and Banner* should throw off its neutrality, and espouse the cause of Stevens. He would dare the Mason influence, and pocket Mr. Stevens's money. He cared very little for the motto at the head of his paper. No one would know that he was not "unbribed by gain," and besides for one thousand dollars he could afford to bear some abuse. And besides, if Stevens were elected, were there not postoffices? Who could say what might happen?

So Mr. Incubus grasped his trusty pen, which, in his hands, was mightier than any sword would have been, and wr te:

FOR CONGRESS—WHO SHALL BE OUR REPRESENTATIVE?

The time is rapidly approaching for the people of this district to decide who shall represent them in the next congress. Of course it will be a Republican, for the district is overwhelmingly Republican, as has been clearly demonstrated by the elections of the last two years. The car of Republicanism is moving slowly but certainly toward its goal, crushing remorselessly everything that comes in its way.

Mr. Incubus read and wiped great drops of sweat from his brow.

"That's a splendid sentence," he said to himself. "It's worth more than a thousand dollars. I'm going too cheap at that."

Admitting that it is to be a Republican—and no one can doubt it—the choice is narrowed down to the two candidates of that persuasion—Gen. Mason and John Stevens, Esq. As between the two, no good citizen should hesitate a moment. Gen. Mason has served one term, and we are compelled to say that he has not fulfilled the expectations of his constituents—that he has been unfaithful to the principles of the Republican party, as well as to the interests of the district, and has bent his whole energies to the building up of a personal following, through which to control the district and perpetuate himself and them in office. Such a man ought not to continue in a place which has opportunities for so much good or evil.

Mr. Stevens is a citizen against whom slander has never breathed its slimy breath. Devoted to the interests of the section, possessing ability far beyond that given to ordinary men, devoted to the principles of the great party he helped to found and of which he is an honored member, he will make a Representative who will be useful in the district, and of whom the district can well be proud.

"The *Shield and Banner* knows but one word, and that is duty! We love our common country, and cannot do that which will, in any sense, retards its progress or impede its onward march to the greatness reserved for it. Impelled by a profound sense of duty which we cannot ignore, we throw behind us our neutrality, and give to Mr. Stevens our cordial support. And we hope to battle so earnestly in the good cause as to be able to announce, on the 7th day of October, his triumphant election to a seat in the national councils. The right must triumph, and chicanery and demagogism must go to the wall. The price of the *Shield and Banner* remains at $1.50 per annum, invariably in advance."

Mr. Incubus took the manuscript to Mr. Stevens's office, and laid it before him and Major Starkweather, who was recognized as Mr. Stevens's best friend. They read it.

"This is well enough to begin with, Mr. Incubus; but it is understood—agreed, in fact—that, from the next issue, myself or whomever I may appoint shall have control of the columns of the paper until after the next election."

"Certainly, Mr. Stevens, certainly."

Stevens went to his safe and counted out $1,000, which Mr. Incubus clutched with a joy he did not attempt to conceal.

"That's all right, Mr. Stevens. I shall prepare the *Shield and Banner* to-night for its appearance to-morrow, and shall go out of town for a few days. You understand—there will be excitement when this appears, and I would rather be out of the way till it subsides somewhat—till it blows over, as it were."

"Very good. I don't care."

And Mr. Incubus had the article put in type, read his proof, and went out of town on the evening stage.

Major Starkweather was in conference with Mason, and that afternoon the foreman of the office was sent for. He was an acute young man, who had an understanding with Major Starkweather, and he came the moment he was sent for.

"Well, Samuel?" said Mason.

"General, there is trouble brewin'—trouble! The *Shield* comes out to-morrow for Stevens."

"The *Shield*? What is that for?"

"I don't know. Incubus went out this afternoon, and went into Stevens's office over the way. He came back and put an article in hand, announcing it as his duty to support Stevens. He told me to get the forms ready, and get up early in the morning and work off the edition and mail it. He is going out of town to-night for a day or two."

"The old scoundrel is afraid to meet me. But never mind, Samuel. Can you bring me a proof of the article?"

"Yes, at six o'clock, when we quit work."

"Will the forms all be ready and on the press at that time?"

"Yes, before we leave the office."

"And you don't work the edition till morning?"

"No we can catch all the mails in time in the morning, and it saves light."

"Very good; bring me the proof-slip."

Samuel did as he was requested. Mr. Mason went into his inner office, whence he returned in a short time with the proof-slip literally marked.

"Samuel can you lift that article out of the form, and correct it as I have marked it?"

Samuel looked it over.

"Why, good Lord! To correct it as you have marked it, commits the paper to you instead of to Stevens!"

"Certainly. I want you to correct this to-night, and put it back into the form. You are the pressman, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Then work off the forms and get the edition mailed."

"But I shall lose my place."

"I will get you a better one in the *Clarion* office, and pay you all that Incubus owes you besides."

That settled him. He did as he was desired. Half the night he worked in the office alone, and the next morning the creaking of the press showed that the edition was going through.

Finally it appeared on the streets. Mr. Stevens opened his copy and read his article, so ingeniously twisted as to make the paper pronounced in its support of Mason.

His eyes expanded, and he rushed over to the office of the *Shield*.

"Where is Incubus?" he demanded.

"Gone to Picasantville," replied Sam, with a face as innocent as a baby's.

"When will he be back?"

"The Lord only knows—probably a good while. He has gone to raise some money, and may be gone a month, for all I know. Did you want to pay anything? I kin take it."

Stevens rushed out in a rage. His indiscreet friends had told everybody that the *Shield* was coming out for the Independent candidate, and the laughs that went up from the people were very loud.

Incubus saw it in Pleasantville, and came home post-haste, and in a mortal fright. How could he face Stevens, and would Stevens want his thousand dollars? That he couldn't get, for he had paid it on the mortgage.

"I will be fair with him," said Incubus to himself. "I will give him my note for it."

He went straight to Stevens office to explain. What was said no one ever knew, but the interview could not have been pleasant, for Mr. Incubus came out with both eyes blackened, and a lip like a piece of raw beef.

Enraged at this treatment, he went to the office, and thought over the situation. He could not explain the occurrence without getting a laugh upon himself that would kill him. Then he went to Mason, and that gentleman, after thanking him for the cordial support the *Shield* had given him, and hoping he had deserved it, pressed upon his acceptance another thousand dollars, which Incubus, smarting from Stevens's fist, accepted without hesitation. So Mr. Mason had both papers singing his praises. Mr. Incubus was richer than he had ever been, Samuel was not discharged, and was made happy by the payment of all arrearages.

Mr. Stevens had to have a paper, though; and he got one the same as men get everything they want—he started one. And so Pulaski had four papers instead of three, and Mr. Stevens had the means at command of answering the calumnies hurled against the defender of the people's rights by an unprincipled and subsidized press.

To the utmost astonishment of Blanchard—and for that matter of everybody else—Gleason again stood with Mason in this contest. Blanchard had gone with the Stevens faction, and had confidently counted on Gleason's powerful aid.

The moment he heard of it he went to Gleason's office to reproach him. Gleason met him with the utmost good humor.

"Doc," said he, "you are probably a most excellent physician—I don't know but what you have that reputation; but permit me to say that you know less of men than any man I know of. Look here."

And Mr. Gleason took the cloth off the green baize table.

"See, I have got just this far."

The paper in the upper corner read like this:

PULAS tob 185
Received Sim nlap, four thous nd
dol money, nd twent ne ousand
ars in 7 ds
CA B SON.

"Now, I have worked on this every minute of my spare time, with this result. I have to handle these bits of paper a thousand times each, you see, and it gets on slowly. When the times comes, I will speak and strike; but I don't propose to do either till I am ready."

"But why do you support this d—d villain for Congress?"

"Ah! that's my person and private matter. Possibly it may be principle, and possibly I may have my own private ends to serve. At all events, that's outside our compact. Let me alone, and trust me!"

Blanchard left in high dudgeon; but as he could do nothing in the one matter next his heart without Gleason, he held his peace.

The fact is, Gleason had had political sagacity enough to see that by hook or crook Mason would be elected—and moreover that the radical faction would not only win this battle, but would control the party for years, and that it would be political death for any man to oppose it at the time. Besides, he had other reasons. He did not want Mason killed till he was ready to take his place. What good would it do to kill Mason for Stevens's sake? Stevens once in, he would stay in, and Gleason had no leverage on him. With Mason it was different; he had a crime on his hands to be used against him, and Gleason could kill him when he would. And besides all this, he could better prosecute the criminal while belonging to Mason's faction, than if he were opposed to him. That would not be looked upon as political spite.

Mr. Mason was to be slaughtered in time, but Mr. Gleason did not propose to do it till he was secure of the hide, horns and tallow. He had a double game to play—to kill his enemy and to despoil his camp. He did not intend to do the killing and permit any one else to run off with the plunder.

Therefore Mr. Gleason gave Mr. Mason a very hearty support, being very careful to have it understood that it was from partisan and not from personal motives. The people noticed that whenever Gleason made a speech he had no tributes to pay to the candidate, but confined himself strictly to the discussion of the questions involved in the campaign.

The canvass was a very warm one, and Mason contested it stubbornly. He fought like a man fighting for life, which indeed he was; for politics was his life, and to retire him at the beginning of a career which he intended should be wilder as he progressed would have been to make life worth nothing to him. He spoke twice each day, and the amount of people seeing that he did was wonderful. Both sides did wonders. Though the Stevens faction rested in tolerable security, for they were certain of a large vote from the Republican party, and the Democracy seemed to pull truly and squarely in the traces, and there seemed to be no doubt of receiving the support which the leaders of the latter had promised.

The situation looked very awkward for Mason. The disaffected Republicans had put in nomination a man who could control a good share of the Republican vote. Now if the Democracy should all vote for this new nominee, of course he was elected beyond a peradventure; and that they would, unless something was done to stop it, there could be no doubt. They had made no nomination, for they had promised to vote for Stevens; and this view of the case gave the following result:

Total Republican vote	10,000
Total Democratic vote	6,000

Which apparently was to be divided thus:

Mason, Republican vote	7,500
Stevens, Republican vote	2,500
Stevens, Democratic vote	6,000
	8,500

This would give Stevens a clear majority of one thousand—enough, in all conscience. And Mason and the Harveys had made the same calculation. "What is to be done?" asked the collector.

"Ah, indeed! What is to be done?" sighed the postmaster.

"If Stevens is elected the principles of the Republikin party is jeopardized, and off goes every one uv our heads," said the collector.

"True, gentlemen," said Mason, "and to prevent this, only one thing is necessary. The Democracy must have a candidate of its own and they must vote for him. I want $20,000."

"Where in h—l are you going to get it?" gasped Starkweather.

"You will make up a part of it among you. Every office holder in the district will do his share, and I will take care of the rest. Go, every one of you, and see to raising that money, and meet me here to-morrow night. There's no time to lose."

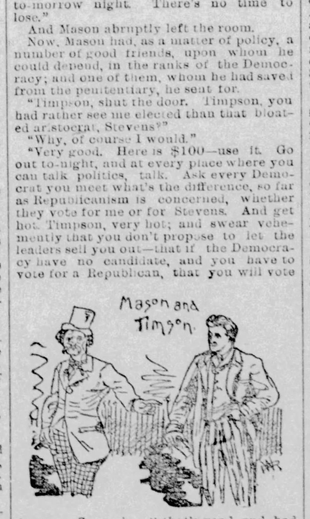
And Mason abruptly left the room.

Now, Mason had, as a matter of policy, a number of good friends, upon whom he could depend, in the ranks of the Democracy; and one of them, whom he had saved from the penitentiary, he sent for.

"Timpson, shut the door. Timpson, you had rather see me elected than that bloated aristocrat, Stevens?"

"Why, of course I would."

"Very good. Here is $100—use it. Go out to-night, and at every place where you can talk politics, talk. Argue every Democrat you meet, while the difference, so far as Republicanism is concerned, whether they vote for me or for Stevens. And get hot, Timpson, very hot; and swear vehemently that you don't propose to let the leaders sell you out—that if the Democracy have no candidate, and you have to vote for a Republican, that you will vote



for me. Swear by all that's good and bad that you want a good old Jacksonian Democrat—a true blue Democrat—and you'll have one, or smash things. And, Timpson, swear that there are eight hundred Democrats you know of who think as you do, and will do as you do. Now get, and do just what I have told you!"

And Timpson went out from the presence, and did it; and he was surprised to find how many of the Democracy were of his opinion.

There was an immediate alarm in the Stevens camp. They had not counted on this defection, for Mason having been two years in power, and having been as radical as the most extreme man in his party, they expected that every Democrat would do as the leaders had done or intended to do—namely, do anything to beat Mason.

"Why, can't you soften your Republicanism so as to satisfy them ugly Democrats?" asked one of Stevens's friends.

"A remarkably sound piece of advice," returned the much troubled Stevens. "Should I let down a particle, I should lose ten Republican votes where I saved one Democratic. No, that won't do; but I'll tell you what will. We must have a straight Democratic nominee, after all. There must a Democrat nominated, sound enough to satisfy the impracticables who otherwise would vote for Mason, not seeing any difference between him and me, so far as the effect upon Congress goes. But only those impracticables must vote for him. The leaders must hold the mass of their vote for me, as was arranged. There can't be more than five hundred of them, and that will leave me still five hundred. Where shall we find this man of straw? He must be a sound, unquestioned Democrat, and one who was in the arrangement with us, so that we shall not be betrayed. Who is he?"

"Adams, of Spread Eagle," said one.

"Thompson, of Washington," said another.

"Peters, of Defiance," suggested a third.

"Phelps, of Potter," remarked a fourth.

"Phelps is our man," said Stevens after a moment's thought. "He always wanted to go to Congress, and has been a candidate for nomination a half-dozen times when there was no chance of his being chosen, before the war, when the district was Democratic. There will be nothing singular in his being the nominee—nothing whatever. He must be seen immediately to-morrow; a Democratic convention must be called, and the thing done regularly, and he must be put in such a way as to catch this vote; for, if it goes to Mason, we are lost."

The suggestion was acted upon without delay. A conference of the leading Democrats was held, the consent of Phelps was easily procured, and the wheels were put in motion.

In consequence of the celerity of these movements Mr. Mason had the pleasure of reading in the Democratic paper, a few days after, the announcement of a call for a convention, to be held that day week, for the purpose of nominating a straight Democratic candidate for Congress.

This announcement pleased Mr. Mason quite as much as it did Mr. Stevens—it being probably the only political movement on record that ever completely satisfied both opposing interests. Mr. Stevens believed that the nomination of Phelps would lose him only 500 votes, and Mr. Mason was quite willing that he should so believe. He had his idea.

It was probably the hottest campaign that was ever fought in the state of Ohio. Mason directed his batteries at Stevens, and he dealt terrific blows. He admitted that there was an opposition to him in his party, but from what did it proceed? Was it because he had in any way been derelict in duty to his constituents? No. Was it because he was in any way lacking in duty to his party? Could his opponents point to a single struggle in the House in which he was not in the van? Was there a measure affecting the Republican party that he had not supported, and had he not originated several of the most important ones?

Why, then, this opposition? Who was opposing him? Stevens. Who was Stevens? A wealthy man, who came from one of the best families of Connecticut; Dr. Blanchard, who came to the county with his diploma in his pocket, a wealthy father having paid his expenses through college. Who else? Make a list of the aristocrats of the district, and you would find every man of them in the ranks of the bolters. Those silk-stocking gentry who were opposing him were "the men who hold mortgages on your land, fellow-citizens—who, by virtue of the money which they inherited, not made themselves, are lording it over you, and refuse to abide by your decision, as expressed in the usual form!"

"God knows, fellow-citizens," he continued, "that it is not on my own account that I am making this fight. Left to myself, I would a thousand times rather settle down to my profession, and live at home among my friends and with my family. But you have called me to this post, and I will not desert it. I will fight these aristocrats, who are opposing me because I am not one of them. They are too proud to vote for the son of old Tom Mason, the drunkard and the poor farmer! I know that I come from the people. I know and appreciate the difficulties which one who came from a cabin, such as I was born in, has to contend with. You know what I had to come through, you know the labor that I had to undergo, and you know the disadvantages that beset me. Well, I went through it all, and these silk-stocking gentry have never forgiven me, and never will, for having made a success. They resent the impertinence of a man of the people representing them. They want one of their own class in Congress; and I am not of their class, never can be, and I will be. I am too near the people for that."

And then Mason very adroitly stigmatized Stevens as a conservative in politics, one who was in league with the Democracy, and who would vote in Congress as much with them as with the Republicans; and that compelled Mr. Stevens, who did not like it at all, to out-Herod Herod in his denunciations of the Democracy, under penalty of losing the Republican vote, all of which cooled the ardor of the Democracy, whose hate of Stevens personally had not been very bitter. He had no other course open. He was between two fires. If he sunk his Republicanism, Mason would make inroads upon his Republican vote; and if he retained the Republican vote, he was in danger of losing the necessary portion of the Democratic strength.

Finally the Sunday before the election came. The speeches had all been made except the final grand rally at the county seats, and the outside work of the campaign was pretty over.

The Stevens party were jubilant. If as they anticipated, the loss to them by the nomination of Phelps would only amount to five hundred, Stevens would have a clear majority of five hundred His friends went out on the street, and offered to bet, even to the giving of odds, that Stevens would be elected.

"I shall be elected by about five hundred majority," said Mason, "and you may bet on my election all you choose. Take every bet that is offered. Get all the odds you can, but take every bet that is offered. I expect you to make the expenses of the campaign off the electors."

On Sunday night there was a gathering of the various federal office-holders at Mason's office. They were always prompt at these meetings, for they had an interest in the election that was somewhat more than patriotic. Every blessed one of them knew that in the event of Stevens's election his head would roll in the basket; and when a man's bread and butter is in jeopardy, there is no danger of his missing a meeting. Whoever else may be delinquent, the office-holder in danger never is. Collector Thompson was present, you may be sure, that doughty patriot having the best office in the district, and his occupying it being one of the chief reasons for the opposition to Mason.

"You are all here," said Mason. "Have you your wagons ready?"

"All ready!" was the cheerful response.

"Very good, then. Thompson, you will go to Bryan, McClun to Defiance, Peters to Napoleon, Ellis to Ottawa. Each of you start to night, and be in each place Monday night, not before nine o'clock. Here are lists of the men you are to see. Manage to get to their houses at night, after they have gone to bed, and awaken them, and tell them you came from the Central committee here. Say that a careful canvass has shown that the Republican strength is equally divided between Mason and Stevens, and that the Republicans are so disgusted at the quarrel between us that they will not poll more than half a vote—that is to say, in this county. And say further, that if the Democracy pull together, there is no doubt of the election of Phelps, and the breaking down of the Republican domination in this district; that to elect Phelps will so divide the Republican party that unity of action hereafter will be impossible, and the Democracy will have control of every county in the district forever; that therefore every Democrat must vote for Phelps. Take with you these packages of straight Democratic tickets, with Phelps's name on them, and urge them to be at the polls early, and to see that every Democrat puts in a straight Democratic ticket. And here are three hundred dollars each to distribute to them for expenses. There should be a Democratic leader, a well known man, start from each county seat not later than 10 o'clock Monday night, to canvass every township, and see that reliable Democrats are at each voting precinct in his county, early Tuesday morning, who must see that every Democratic voter casts his ballot for Phelps, except those who will vote for me. Here is your money and tickets. Go! and remember that the moment the count shows that I am elected, there is one thousand dollars each for you."

"Is this going to elect you?" anxiously asked one of them.

"Get away, and don't ask questions. I shall get 7,500 Republican votes, and Stevens will get 2,500. If Phelps get all the Democratic votes it leaves me 1,000 majority. Go and see that Phelps gets all the Democratic votes."

That night before 12 o'clock twenty men similarly instructed left Pulaski, for all the county seats and principal towns in the district.

Then Mr. Mason and his coadjutors made such other arrangements as they thought necessary, and at five in the morning, Caleb Mason threw himself on his bed, thoroughly wearied and completely worn out. "I have done all that can be done," he said to himself, while disrobing, "and if I have made no mistake, I am elected—if I have made blunders, I am defeated. If I am defeated, I am ruined. Very well! It is a gamble, and I must wait the turning of the dice!"

And he got under the covers and went off into a sweet and pleasant sleep, as quietly as though his future did not depend upon the unknown result of to-morrow's work—as though his life was not trembling in that uncertain balance, the favor of a fickle people.

Tuesday morning came. Mason's work had been well done. At every voting precinct in the district stood staunch Democrats who made it their business to see that every Democrat voted for Phelps. They did it very quietly, so that the Republicans should not see them and find out what was going on. They took Democrats into horse-sheds, and, explaining the situation, took from them the Democratic tickets with Stevens's name on them, and gave them Democratic tickets with Phelps's name for Congress; and they did it so quietly that no one knew of it. Every Democrat was thus horse-shedded.

The night came, and the polls were closed.

At Pulaski the Stevens headquarters were brilliantly illuminated, and were filled with his confident and jubilant supporters. They were defiantly joyous, for they were sure that they had Mason defeated, and that at last he and his career were ended and a new regime, with entire changes in the offices, was certain. Indeed, there cropped out jealousies among them on the point of the distribution of the places.

At Mason's headquarters there was no illumination, but the leaders of the faction sat there grim and glum—with much confidence, however, on their faces.

Every now and then a Stevens leader who was on good personal terms with the Masonites would drop in and jeeringly see if any returns were in; and outside the streets were full of Stevens men, their hands filled with greenbacks, offering all sorts of odds on their favorite.

These bets were all taken. A few of Mason's supporters were foolish enough to risk their money. The Harveys were especially prominent in this, and took all the bets offered.

At about ten o'clock a courier arrived from Green township—the first return. Green had 200 Republican and 60 Democratic voters. Stevens expected 50 Republican votes and one Democratic, giving him 40 majority in the township.

Nervously he tore open the envelope, but did not haud it to any one to read.

"Read it! Read it!" shouted his friends.

"Is this authentic?" asked Stevens of the courier.

"It was given me by the clerk of the election, who is a friend of yourn," said the courier, "and there was an awful row about it."

Stevens, pale as a ghost, handed the missive to one of his friends and sat down.

"Read it! Read it!" shouted the crowd, who felt that something ugly had occurred. The man who held it read:

"Green township—Mason 115, Stevens 85, Phelps 50!"

A great silence fell upon the assemblage. Fifty Democrats had voted for Phelps, ten had voted for Mason, and a few Republicans had not voted at all!

They looked across the street and the sight that met their eyes did not please them. Mason's headquarters, which heretofore had been entirely dark, save the usual light in an office window, was blazing with candles, a flag had been thrown out, and a big transparency, announcing the result from Green, was being hoisted out. Immediately there came shouts from men with greenbacks in their hands, who offered odds on Mason, and the streets filled at once with jubilant Masonites.

"It is all right," said Mason, calmly. "The thing worked—I am not dead yet!"

Presently another courier arrived, and the result was the same. More candles in the windows of Mason's headquarters. And there came over to Stevens's headquarters a number of Masonites, who irquired with mock anxiety if any news had been received.

And so it went all night. At 1 o'clock enough of the district had been heard from to make it sure that the Democracy had nearly all voted for Phelps, except about two hundred who had voted for Mason, preferring him to either Phelps or Stevens, and that Mason was elected sure, by from seven hundred to eight hundred majority.

The Stevens men got drunk from vexation, and the Mason men from joy, and Pulaski was made hideous for that night. There were fights beyond number, in which all parties were engaged. The Stevens men were bitter upon the Democracy for betraying them—the Democracy were bitter upon Mason, for they felt they had been tricked—and the Mason men were entirely satisfied, for they felt that they could properly endure the assaults of the other factions. They had the substantial fruits.

There was a great demand the next morning for brown paper and vinegar, and slices of raw beef.

How did the principals take it? Mason very quietly. He merely remarked that the result was another demonstration of mind over matter. Mr. Stevens was terribly sore. He had spent a vast amount of money in the canvass, and so sure was he of the election that he had bet another immense amount, through other parties, on his own election, intending to reimburse himself in that way, all of which was lost. And it added to his chagrin to learn, which he did, that it was Mason who had really taken all these bets, he acting also through another party. Mr. Stevens had not only paid his own campaign expenses, but those of Mr. Mason likewise.

Mason went home thoroughly exhausted. For three months he had scarcely eaten or drank, or slept, and the strain upon him, mentally and physically, had been frightful. After he had won his fight. What was to have been his Waterloo he had converted into an Austerlitz, and he lay down to recuperate his wasted strength.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Healthy Season.

Jimson—Well, we are getting along to the healthy season.

Jamson—The healthy season? What do you mean by that?

Jim—You see, the baseball season will soon be over, and when it is over, not one-half—not one-quarter of the relatives of office boys and clerks will die as died during the time it lasted. See?—*Boston Courier.*

What Kind of a Smack?

Young husband (to his pretty wife, after the reception at General Blank's)—Why, the general acted just as though he was going to kiss you. What would you have done if he had kissed you?

Wife—I would have smacked him right in the mouth.

Husband (meditatively) — Yes—that's what I thought.—*The Epoch.*

The Junior Partingtons.

Little Bessie—Fred, what do you think? Mr. Stokes had a perplexity fit yesterday.

Master Fred—Perplexity fit! Oh, dear, what a girl! You mean a parallel stroke.—*Ex/hange.*

Geographical.

Teacher—"Howard, what does N. B. mean?"

Howard—(after a supreme effort). "New Braskey."—*Puck.*

He Feels the Other Way.

I do detest a man that's close,
And furthermore, a day
But if a pretty girl is close
I feel the other way.

—*Washington Post.*

Our Biblical Story.

JOSHUA;

A Story of Egyptian-Israelitish Life.

BY PROF. GEORG EBERS,

AUTHOR OF "UARDA," "AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS," ETC.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

CHAPTER V.

IT was midnight. A fire burned before Joshua's tent and he sat alone beside it, gazing sadly and thoughtfully, first into the flames and then out into the distance. The lad Ephraim was lying inside the tent on his uncle's camp bed.

The leech who accompanied the troops had dressed the youth's wound, and, having given him a strengthening draught, bade him remain quiet, for he was alarmed at the high fever that had fallen on him.

But Ephraim found not the rest the physician had advised. The image of Kasana now rose before his imagination and added fire to his already overheated blood. Then his thoughts flew to the advice that he should become a warrior like his uncle; and it seemed to him reasonable, because it promised him glory and honor, as he would fain persuade himself, though in truth he desired to follow it because it would bring him nearer to her whom his soul longed for.

Then again his pride rebelled when he thought of the insult with which she and her father had branded those to whom he belonged by blood and sympathy. He clinched his fist as he remembered the ruined house of his grandfather, whom he had always considered the worthiest of men. Nor had he forgotten his message. Miriam had said it over to him several times, and his clear memory held it word for word; also at intervals he had repeated it over to himself as he wandered on the the lonely way to Tanis. Now he endeavored to do so again, but before he could get to the end his mind carried him back to the thoughts of Kasana. The doctor had ordered Joshua to forbid any talking, so when the patient tried to deliver his message he bade him be silent. Then the soldier smoothed his pillow as gently as a mother might, gave him his medicine, and kissed him on the brow.

At last he sat down by the fire in front of the tent, and only rose to give the youth a drink when the stars showed him that an hour had passed.

The flames lighted up Joshua's somewhat dark features, and showed them to be those of a man who had faced many dangers, and had vanquished them by stern perseverance and prudent reflection. His black eyes wore a domineering expression, and his full, tightly-closed mouth gave evidence of a hot temper, but even more of the iron will of a determined man. His broad-shouldered frame leaned against a sheaf of spears set crossing each other in the ground, and when he drew his powerful hand through his thick black hair, or stroked his dark beard, while his eyes lighted up with wrath as he thought that his soul was seething and that he stood on the threshold of some great resolve.

As yet the lion rests, but when he springs up his enemies must beware.

His soldiers had often compared their bold, strong-willed leader, with his mane-like hair, to the king of beasts; and now he shook his fist, and at the same time the muscles of his brown arm swelled as though they would burst the gold bands that surrounded them, bright flames flashed from his eyes and he was an unapproachable and awesome presence.

Out there in the sea, whither he turned his gaze, lay the city of the dead and the ruined strangers' quarters. A few hours before he had led his troops past his father's dismantled house and on through the deserted town, round which the ravens were flying.

In silence, for he was still on duty, he had passed it by, and it was not until they had reached that quarters might be found for his troops that he learned of the events of the night before from Horuecht, the captain of the archers. He listened in silence and without moving a muscle or asking one word of further information, and meanwhile the soldiers had pitched the tents, scouts had been sent out, and he gone to rest when a lame girl, in spite of the threats of the watch, forced her way in and besought him, in the name of Eliab, one of the oldest slaves of his house, whose grandaughter she was, to go with her to the old man. He had been left behind, as feebleness and ill-health prevented his wandering, and directly after the departure of his people he and his wife had been brought on an ass to the little cottage by the harbor which had been given to the old servant by his generous master.

The girl, too, had been left to look after the tired couple, and now the heart of the old slave was longing to see once more the first born of his lord, whom as a child he had carried in his arms. He had bidden the girl tell the captain that his father had promised that he (Joshua) would leave the Egyptians and follow his people. The message had been given, yes, the whole race, had been the news with great rejoicing. The grandfather would give him more news, for she herself had been nearly out of her mind with trouble and anxiety. He would deserve the richest blessings if he would only go with her.

The warrior perceived from the first that he must fulfill this wish, but he had postponed the visit to the old man until the next morning. The messenger, though in haste, managed to inform him of several things that she had seen or heard of from others.

At last she was gone. He made up the fire, and as long as the flames blazed brightly he looked with a dark and thoughtful gaze toward the west. It was not till they had consumed the fuel and only flickered feebie and blue over the charred wood that he fixed his eyes on the embers and the flying sparks, and the longer he did so the deeper and more insurmountable did he feel the discord in his soul, which only yesterday had been set on a single glorious aim.

For a year and a half he had been far from home fighting against Libyan rebels, and for fully ten months he had not heard a word from his people. A few weeks since he had been ordered home, and his heart beat with joy and hopefulness, and he, a man of 30, had felt a boy again as he drew nearer and nearer to Tanis, the city of Rameses, famed for its obelisks.

In a few hours he would once more behold his beloved and worthy father, who had only after deep consideration and discussion with his mother—now long since departed in peace—allowed him to follow his own inclinations and devote himself to his military service and Pharaoh's army. This very day he had hoped to surprise him with the news that he had been promoted above other and older captains of Egyptian race.

The neglect which Nun had feared for his son had, through the power of his presence, his valor, and, as he modestly added, his good luck been turned to advancement; and yet he had not ceased to be a Hebrew. When he had felt the need of acknowledging a god with sacrifice and prayer he had worshiped Set, into whose sanctuary his own father had led him as a child, and whom, at that time, all the Semitic race in Goshen had worshipped. For him, however, there was another god, and this was not the god of his fathers, but the god who was confessed by all those Egyptians who had received initiation, though he remained hidden from the people, who were not able to comprehend him. It was not only the adepts that knew him, but also most of those who were placed in high positions in the service of the state and in the army—whether they were ministers of the divinity or not. Every one, however, knew what was meant when they spoke simply of "The God," the "Sum of All," the "Creator of Himself," or of the "Great One." Hymns praised him, epitaphs which every one could read spoke of this, the only god who revealed himself in the world, who was co-existent and co-equal with the universe, imminent in all creation, not merely as life exists in the body of man, but as being himself the sum total of created things, the universe itself in its perennial growth, decay and resurrection, himself obeying the laws he had laid down. His essence, dwelling in every part of himself, dwelt likewise in man; and look where he might, a mortal could perceive the presence and action of the one. Without him nothing could be conceived of, and thus he was one, like the God of his fathers. Without him nothing could come into being nor any event happen on earth. Thus, like the God of Israel, he was almighty. Joshua had long been wont to think of these gods as essentially the same, and differing only in name. He who worshiped one he deemed was the servant of the other; and so the captain of the host could, with a clear conscience, have stood before his parent and have told him that he had been as faithful to the God of his people as he had been as a warrior in the service of the king.

And there was something else which had made his heart beat faster and more gladly as he saw from afar the pylons and obelisks of Tanis, for in his endless marches across the silent desert and in the lonely campstent the image had haunted his vision of a maiden of his own people, whom he had first known as a strange child stirred by wondrous thoughts, and whom he had seen again as a woman grown, unapproachable on her pleasure-ground, and more beauty, not long before he had last led his host to the Libyan war. She had come from Succoth to Tanis to his mother's burial; her image had been deeply stamped on his heart, and his—he dared to hope—held her. She had now become a prophetess, hearing the voice of God. While the other daughters of Israel are strictly secluded, she had asserted her freedom, even among men, and in spite of her hatred for the Egyptians, and for his place among them, she had not concealed from Joshua that to part from him was grief and that she would never cease to think of him. His wife, when he should wed, must be as strong and grave as himself, and Miriam was both, and cast another and brighter image, of which he once had loved to dream, quite into the shade.

He was fond of children, and a sweeter child than Kasana he had never seen, either in Egypt or in their lands. The sympathy with which this fair daughter of his comrade-in-arms had watched his achievements and his fortunes, and the modest, tender affection which the much-courted young widow had since shown him, had brought him much joy in times of peace. Before her marriage he had thought of her as growing up to be his wife; but her union with another and her father's repeated declaration that he would never give his daughter to wife to a foreigner had wounded his pride and cooled his ardor. Then he had met Miriam, and she had inspired him with a fervent desire to call her his own. And yet, though, as he marched homeward the thought of seeing Kasana once more had been pleasing to him. He was well content that he no longer wished to marry her, for it must have led to much vexation. The Egyptians and Hebrews alike deemed it an abomination to eat at each other's table, or to use the same seats or knives, and though as a fellow-soldier he was accepted as one of themselves, and had often heard the young widow's father speak kindly of his people, still "the strangers" were hateful in the sight of Horuecht and his household.

In Miriam he had found the noblest helpmate. Would that Kasana might make another happy. Henceforth she could be no more to him than a delightful friend, from whom we look for nothing but the pleasure of her sweet presence. He had learned to ask nothing of her beyond a glad smile, always at his service. Of Miriam he demanded herself, in all her lofty beauty, for he had long endured her loneliness of a camp life, and now that no mother's eye was open to the home-comer he felt the emptiness of his single state. He longed once more to feel glad in times of peace, when he laid down his arms after perils and privations of every kind. It was his duty to take a wife home to dwell under his father's roof and to provide that the noble race of which he was the only male descendant should not die out

Recent Literature.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS AND MAGAZINES

The Romance of Dollard—Chata and Chinita—Memoirs of Fifty Years—Cycling Art—Personally Conducted—City Boys in the Wood—The Quiet Life.

"The Romance of Dollard," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood has just been brought out in book form by the Century company, New York, in whose magazine it ran as a serial and challenged great interest, not only because of the vivid, picturesque style in which it is written, but for the fact of heroism which it commemorates. It is a Canadian story, the hero being the Dollard of the narrative, the heroine a beautiful girl who comes from over the sea to meet her fate. Neither her beauty nor her love, passionate though it was, and returned with equal warmth, could hold the Dollard from keeping the oath he had sworn, to follow the Indians and revenge their ravages upon the defenceless settlements. How his girl bride follows him and the subsequent events are told in a most pathetic manner. Mrs. Catherwood displays a wonderful familiarity with Canadian scenes and characters.

"Chata and Chinita," By Jessie Palmer Heaven, published by Roberts Brothers, is a Mexican story. The plot is somewhat intricate, and the characters so numerous as to perplex the hurried reader. Many of them are admirably drawn and well sustained throughout the volume. The descriptions of scenery are picturesque and well mark the fine literary style of the author. There is, however, much in the chapters which could have been eliminated and made it a better story. The reader who takes up the book hurriedly will be disappointed. It, more than the usual novel, requires careful reading to develop its full interest. The author seems to have made a full study of Mexican characters and the reader gains very correct ideas of life in the Mexican homes, the strength of their loves as well as the depth of their hates.

"Memoirs of Fifty Years," the delightful recollections of Lester Wallack, which appeared in *Scribner's Monthly* last year, have been collected in an attractive volume. They are the social and professional memories, extending over half a century, of one who during his lifetime was a popular favorite, and who had opportunities of meeting a great many noteworthies, concerning whom there is always something of interest to be said. The work is edited by Laurence Hutton, which is an assurance of faithfulness in the doing, and is prefixed by a biography of the actor from the editor's pen. The volume is embellished by portraits, fac-similes of play bills, and other illustrations that add to its interest and attractiveness. The anecdotes told of the elder Wallack, Macready, Burton, Thackeray, Millais, and countless others, are many of them new and all of them pleasing. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

J. B. Lippincott company have just issued a work entitled "Cycling Art, Energy and Locomotion," by Robert P. Scott, which will be of interest to all who are fond of the sport afforded by the bicycle, tricycle, etc. The book contains a great deal of curious and useful information for wheelmen, and is illustrated by numerous engravings. It is written in a popular way which, while it does not detract from the object, makes it more pleasant reading. The book is handsomely gotten up, in paper, type and binding, as well as illustrations.

A very pretty volume issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, is "Personally Conducted" by Frank R. Stockton, whose name is a guarantee for the interest of the book. It describes a trip in Europe, beginning with a visit to Avignon and then a visit to Pisa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, Paris, London, through England, and in "The Low Countries and the Rhine." It is a book for the boys and girls and will make a charming holiday gift. The illustrations are numerous and spirited, being the work of Joseph Pennell, Alfred Parsons, and others.

A most beautiful holiday book is "The Quiet Life," which sets forth upon its title page that it is made up of "Certain Verses by Various Hands;" the motive set forth in a prologue and epilogue by Austin Dobson; the whole adorned with numerous drawings by Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons.

There are nine poems from different authors, each one copiously and admirably illustrated, the illustrations according admirably with the text. It is printed on heavy cream colored paper, in clear lettering, and superbly bound. Altogether it is a volume which should find favor among holiday buyers.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"City Boys in the Woods, or a Trapping Venture in Maine," by Henry P. Wills, is an illustrated volume for the boys, in which the actual life of the hunter and trapper is endeavored to be portrayed. The author's purpose was, he says, "to impress upon the minds of his readers that a special education is as necessary to a life in the wilderness as it is to navigate that other wilderness—the boundless ocean." He wants to do away with the idea which many books of hunting and trapping adventure convey to the young that it is all pleasant excitement, without privations, when the contrary is true. If boys were not thus misled there would be fewer cases of runaways who are found to be on their way to the Far West to kill Indians and hunt buffaloes. The author has done his work well. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The same house also issues "Two Runaways and Other Stories," by Harry Stillwell Edwards, who is one of the most popular of our magazine writers. Besides the "Two Runaways" there are several others as "Sister Tadhunter's Heart;" "Elder Brown's Backslide;" "Mine—A Plot;" "Tom's Strategy;" "De Valley an' De Shadder," and several others which are somewhat widely known and liked. They are bright and readable, and the volume is very attractive. It is well bound and fully illustrated, the illustrations being the work of E. W. Kemble.

Harper and Brothers also issue a very handsome volume entitled, "Redeeming the Republic." A second title is "The Third Period of the War of the Rebellion in the Year 1864." The author is Charles Carleton Coffin, well known by his other books, all of which have a patriotic motive. Some of these books are, "The Boys of '76," "The Story of Liberty," "Old Times in the Colonies," etc. The present volume is written in the chatty style which is peculiar to the author, giving the facts in such a pleasant way that they will be likely to be well remembered. The present volume is well illustrated, and has maps where needed for the elucidation of the text. The young people will be pleased with this book.

Gianque's "Revised Statutes of Ohio," is one of the most complete works of the kind which has ever been given to the public. The plan of the revision is admirable, and after studying the plan of the arrangement, any one can trace the history of any section, learn what changes have been made, and what decisions have construed its provisions. Certainly the work as shows Mr. Gianque to be a most accurate compiler, as well as a thorough editor. It is indispensable to every lawyer in the state, and will, no doubt, be so considered. At any rate it deserves most hearty commendation.

"Day Lilies" is the pretty title given to a volume of poems upon different subjects, by Jennie Oliver Smith. There are many very musical things contained within these covers, mingled with a good deal not so good, but the lover of poetry will find much that will please him. A book made up of miscellaneous pieces like this must possess, however, most unusual merit to attract and hold the public. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Foster's self-playing cards are something decidedly new and novel for entertainment. It is an ordinary pack of cards, except that they will play themselves. If you are alone or short-handed and want to play a game of whist, you can deal these cards face down and they will play the absent players' hands. One, two, or three persons can play, exactly as if four were present. These cards will also tell you when you play correctly, and correct you when you are wrong. Each pack contains 160 hands at whist, each hand illustrating some special department of whist strategy, and a careful study of the way they are played will soon make you a master of all the philosophy and tactics of modern scientific whist. 75 cents a pack. J. H. Phipps, 25 Union Square, New York.

Literary Notes.

A son of De Quincy is sergeant-at-arms in the New Zealand parliament.

Edward Atkinson has contributed an article on "The Art of Cooking," which will open the November *Popular Science Monthly*.

A new story by Amelia E. Barr, whose books have won a remarkably wide popularity, is announced under the title "Feet of Clay."

W. Clark Russell's new novel will have for its title "The Romance of Jennie Harlowe." It is to be brought out by the Appleton's.

Journalism in China is a heavy tax on the lord high executioners. The Pekin *Gazette* asserts that 1,900 of its editors have been beheaded.

The *Woman's Cycle* is the name of a new journal for women edited by Mrs. J. C. Croly, better known as "Jennie June," and published in New York.

A valuable work by Leila J. Robinson, member of the Suffolk bar, is in press by Lee & Shepard, Boston, entitled "The Law of Husband and Wife."

The well-known Boston musical publishing house of Oliver Ditson & Co., founded in 1834, has become a corporation under the name of the Oliver Ditson company.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have ready the new edition of their index to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which covers the magazine from its beginning in 1857 to the end of 1888.

Thomas W. Knox, the author of the popular "Boy Travelers" series, will tell the tale of "The Talking Handkerchief" in the November number of *Harper's Magazine*.

The "Life, Letters and Journal" of Louisa Alcott, just published by Roberts Brothers, is said to be already a success, the first edition of 5,000 not satisfying the demand.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new story, "The Merry Chanter," which will begin in the November *Century*, is something like that author's "Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Aleshme" in its nautical plot.

Miss Grace Ellery Channing is one of the youngest story writers and poets, whose literary work is looked forward to with interest. The scene of her last story is laid in Southern California, where she now lives.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward has been writing, assisted by her husband, a story, the scenes of which are laid in the time of Christ. She is also preparing a story of an earlier period, the time of Daniel.

Messrs. Roberts Bros. will publish "Kibboo Ganey, or, The Lost Chief of the Copper Mountain," a story of travel and adventure in the heart of Africa, by Walter Wentworth, with illustrations by F. T. Merrill.

The literary undertakings of G. P. Putnam's Sons, since the first organization by G. P. Putnam, the father of the three sons now composing the firm, make up a handsome octavo volume of 200 pages of classified titles.

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, the author of "The Romance of Dollard," has finished another book, dealing with the early French exploration of America. The chief figures of this romance are LaSalle and his lieutenant, Tonty. It is called "The Story of Tonty."

Goethe's house at Weimar, from which the public have been excluded rigidly until within a year, will be fully described in the November *Scribner*, by Oscar Browning. The many illustrations are from the first photographs taken since the house was thrown open, and represent the rooms as Goethe left them.

"Wives of Men of Genius," a translation from the French of Alphonse Daudet, by Edward Wakefield, published by the Worthington company, New York, is an exceptionally successful rendering of a wonderfully clever French book into easy and attractive English.

The best selling books in the trade will continue to be "Ben Hur," "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Looking Backward." The first-named has passed its 200th thousand, Mrs. Burnett's child-story has reached and gone beyond the 125th thousand, while Mr. Bellamy's famous book is climbing up to its 140th thousand copy.

One of the most remarkable feats in modern journalism was achieved by Mrs. Isabella B. Barrows, of Boston. She wrote a verbatim report of a speech made in German by Carl Schurz, which she turned into English while her pen was flying across her paper in stenographic characters. To write stenographically and translate from German to English simultaneously was a remarkable piece of shorthand reporting.—*Hartford Times.*

As Usual.

He had his baggage piled up so as to occupy the whole seat in the car, while two or three men who lacked moral courage were sitting on the arms of seats already full. By and by he turned to one of the men on the seat behind and queried:

"Are you not a farmer?"

"Yes, sir, I am," was the reply.

"Well, farmers generally hit the weather pretty straight. Do you say its going to be a cold winter?"

"I do, sir, but I expect all the hogs will pull through without any extra suffering!"

The other tried to say something further and preserve the placid look on his countenance, but the result was a flat failure, and he whirled around and resumed his reading.

What The Other Girl Gets.

One of Denver's leading and wealthiest citizens has just built an elegant residence on Capitol Hill. It is intended as a wedding present to a daughter who is to be married soon. The gentleman also owns two lots adjoining those upon which the house is erected. The youngest daughter of the gentleman, upon being spoken to about the fine present her sister would receive, remarked:

"Yes, and we are going to put a sign on the two adjoining lots with these words on it: 'These lots go with the other girl.'"—*Denver Times.*

It Does.

The raisin may be much despised
And humble in the eyes of men,
And yet, as some one has surmised,
It strikes a pudding now and then.
—*Washington Capital.*

For Cure of
SPRAINS & STRAINS
use
St. Jacobs Oil
Cures
PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY
WITHOUT RETURN OF PAIN.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE
THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO. BALTO. MD.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

Judge.

Mr. Lounsom—"Can you—will you be me own?"

Father of five of them (in a side whisper)—"For heaven's sake don't hesitate, Louise! He may take it back."

ON THE CARS.

Why The Rev. Bob Burdette Isn't So Obliging as He Was.

Brooklyn Eagle.

People who have met me on the train say that I am of all men most morose, unsociable and unaccommodating; that I never offer to open a window for anyone, never close the door after the brakeman has gone out and taken the end of the car and a crashing noise with him, never offer to turn a seat for two ladies who wish to monopolize four sittings with a trip pass and a scalper ticket; never, in short, offer any of those little attentions to my fellow travelers which the fresh young man and the simple old one are so ready and so glad to extend. I plead guilty. I never do. I will do anything I am asked to do, if I have time, and feel just like it, and there seems to be no good reason why I shouldn't, but I won't volunteer to do anything on the train. I used to; some; I am older now, and know so much less than formerly that both my neighbors of the road and myself get along so much more comfortably.

Years and years ago, I one day picked up a shawl which fell from a lady's lap into the aisle of the car. As I picked it up, such a miscellaneous assortment of articles, mostly of an edible nature, fell out of that shawl that I was paralyzed with amazement, and nothing but the lurid language of the owner brought about the reaction that was necessary to save my life. For the largest fee I ever was paid, I never afforded a car full of people so much amusement as I did for nothing by that little act of kindness. With the exception of the lady whose shawl the lunch basket was, and myself, I think everybody in the car was pleased. And passengers in the other cars, all the way from the smoker and the sleepers, hearing the sounds of mirth, came into our car and asked about it. And the people who had the loudest and clearest voices told the incident, referring to me as "that man" or to avoid tautology, as the story had to be repeated many times in the course of 145 miles, "that fellow," or "that chap," or "that man settin' there." I sawed wood very conscientiously for a long time after that, but on another evil day I entertained another traveling audience by tugging at a car window which had never been opened since the car was built. I wore a porous plaster on the plinth of my spinal column for a couple of weeks, and reformed again. I burned the old resolutions on the tablets of memory, and engraved them with a pen of iron on my heart. I also made up my mind that I would endeavor to remember them.

Well, a week or two since I was thundering along through the miles of exquisite landscape gardening that mark the suburbs of Philadelphia. A young gentleman sitting just in front of me left the train at a local station, and just as we started again half a dozen excited female voices shrilled out upon the startled air: "Oh! Oh! Oh! That-young-man-has-left-his-umbrella! Oh! He'll-never-see-it-again! Call-him-quick! Oh-throw-it-out-to-him-do-do-do-throw-that-young-man-his-umbrella!" And as they pointed at the young man and shrieked at me I hastily seized the window, the power of darkness assisting me, yelled at the young man, hurled the umbrella at him like a javelin, and we were gone.

In about two minutes a young man two stories and a mansard taller than any member of my whole family came down the aisle of that car with a darkened brow, and looked long and earnestly into the vacant seat whence I had just fired a silk umbrella with a hammered silver head. He looked under the seat and then he looked into the rack. Then he looked at me. I didn't look up, but I felt his eyes go clear through me, as I gazed fixedly out of the window and tried hard to think of the form of prayer to be used for a man who expects to spend the rest of the winter in the hospital. Before I could remember it the athletic looking stranger said kindly, but coldly: "I left an umbrella in this seat a few minutes ago." For one moment the ghastliest silence you ever heard settled down on that car, and then those shrieking women giggled, as though it were a light thing to die when you had a return ticket in your pocket, that would be wasted. I tried to tell the stranger that the young man who was sitting in the seat took it with him, but I thought I had done enough wickedness and folly for one trip. I owned up and told him the truth. He was a magnanimous man, and he spared me. But it was a moment of agony, and to-day I grow white hairs on the back of my head that I never saw before, and I never pass through Merion station without a shudder.

And I never again will offer to extend the slightest helpful courtesy to a stranger. No; if the train should jump off a bridge 4,000 feet high into a cataract fiercer than 10,000 Niagaras I wouldn't offer to hold a lone woman's baby and get her hand bag out of the rack for her, while she put on her gossamer and hunted for her lost check in case she should want her baggage when we got to the bottom.

THE AMAZON CORPS

Of the King of Siam—How They Dressed —Their Duties.

The King of Siam formerly had a real Amazonian guard of 400 members. This guard consisted of the most beautiful and the strongest young women in his kingdom. Every recruit had to be at least thirteen years old, and of almost perfect physical development. After serving twelve years she was retired to the reserve corps. An active guardswoman was a personal life guard of his Siamese Majesty. A reserve guardswoman, however, had merely the duty of watching the royal palaces and the Crown estates. Every recruit, before she was admitted to the Amazonian guard, took the oath of chastity, for the King of Siam allowed only women of the strictest virtue in his personal military service. The Amazonian corps wore most elaborate uniforms. A fine, white, gold-embroidered woollen skirt hung down to the knees. Over this each wore a light coat of mail. The arms were bare. The head was covered with a golden heulet. At court feasts and on national holidays the Amazons carried only lances in their right hands. They handled these lances with all the expertness of drum majors, twirling, twisting and tossing them as they marched and countermarched before their critical sovereign. Generally, however, the Amazons carried muskets. The corps consisted of four companies of 100 Amazons each, commanded by female captains. Immediately after the death of an Amazonian commander the king critically reviewed the leaderless division, and after three days' thought over the subject promoted the most accomplished Amazon in the rank and file to the captaincy. Every member of the corps was served, both at home and abroad, by five negresses. The corps held dress parade on the parade grounds near the capitol twice every week, and exercised daily with the lance, the pistol, the musket, and the rifle. The discipline of the corps was unexceptionables. The necessity of punishing a member rarely occurred oftener than once a year. Duels, however, were frequent among the Amazons. Before a duel could be fought the permission to fight it had to be obtained from the commander-in-chief. Swords were usually chosen as the weapons, and the meeting took places in the presence of the whole company to which the challenger belonged. An Amazon who fell in a duel was buried with extraordinary pomp, and the priest in his funeral oration usually recommended her to a high place in heaven in consideration of her bravery on the field of honor. Those victorious duelist was congratulated by her comrades. She was obliged, however, to retire from her company for two months, which she passed in fasting and praying. Then she was reinstated in high honors in the active service.

WHAT THEY WOULD DO

If They Were Women, Not Men—Replies From a Number of Leading Men on the Above Question.

Wise Words from Dr. Depew.

I WENT once to a lecture wherein one of the most eminent physiologists in the world argued that women were not only weaker physically, but that they were not so strong and vigorous in mind as man. My own experience with the two women (my mother and my wife) with whom I have succeeded in keeping up to to date, has been directly the opposite of this proposition. The processes may not be the same, but the results are identical.

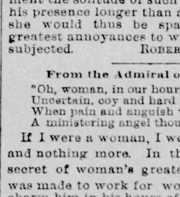
Europeans claim that our fashionable girls are not educated. They acknowledge they are pretty, alert, witty and audacious, but claim they are not serious. They are accused of knowing comparatively little of literature, science, politics, history or art. So Europeans say—and for that reason, if I were a girl of wealthy parents, I would postpone the ball and the german, and get education first of all.

If all women of fashion were educated in proper institutions no interference need result with social pleasures. Such education, where needed, would add enormously to the future of woman's position in the family and before the public.

If I were a woman, no matter what was my condition in life, or what sacrifice it would be necessary to make, I would strain every nerve, first and last, to acquire an education. The area of self-support to a woman enlarges in proportion to the education of her mind.

And, further, were I a woman, I would let no ambitious consideration compel a marriage without love. If the man was firm of character, capable and energetic, I would defy all opposition and take my chances with him. From my own observation and experience I do not think it is difficult for a woman—unless she is obtrusive and offensive—to sit upon the box of the domestic carriage, hold the reins and direct the course of the coach about as she pleases. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

From Merry "Bob" Burdette.



WHAT would I do if I were a woman?

I wouldn't try to be a man. Cut that out and paste it on your looking glass, daughter, and it will be an ornament of grace unto thy head and chains about thy neck many times a day.

I wouldn't shudder and groan every time the name of the Monster was mentioned, but I would studiously avoid acquiring the lightest of his many accomplishments and the best of his manifold ways.

I would never learn to lay a fire, in range or fireplace. Every time I touched a fire, summer or winter, I would put it dead out. Then I'd never be expected to make one.

The first loaf of bread I baked I would let drop on the dog and kill him. Then I'd never be asked to bake bread again, and I'd get a new dog.

When I descended into the laundry, I would manage to bring out all the fancy flannels white as ghosts, and all the white shirts as blue as the skies of June. Then I'd never be asked to assist at the washtub again.

I would pinch every baby that was given me to hold black and blue in half a dozen places before it could catch its breath enough to shriek, and I would frighten the life or tease the temper out of anybody's children whom I was asked to amuse. Then I'd never be troubled with other people's young ones, and nobody would ever ask me to teach the infant class while the tired teacher took a vacation.

If I had to sit on the front seat when asked to drive, I would carry a large sun umbrella, and gouge the driver's eyes out and run the team into a fence corner the first mile out. Then I'd get the back seat on the shady side every time ever afterwards.

I would always sit sideways in a street car. Then I would have plenty of room.

I would wear a carriage dress in the street car if I had no other place in which to show it off.

I would smash something choice and expensive every time I swept a room or dusted a parlor. Then I'd never be asked to do such work.

In church I would never rise during the singing and never kneel during prayers. Then people would notice me and say, "Who is that pretty girl with such lovely eyes!"

At the theater I would wear the biggest hat obtainable.

At cricket and lawn tennis matches I would sit in the front row and raise my parasol.

I would cultivate such charming helplessness, such hopeless innocence, such pretty, childish ignorance, such fascinating dependence, such dainty baby ways that people would say, "Oh, we must take care of her; she doesn't understand these things." Then all my life long I would be petted, and coddled, and fondled, and cared for in a thousand ways, where more independent women have to "hustle" for themselves.

That is, daughter, if other women would care for such a sweet little bit of helplessness. May be they would. You know better than I do how women regard that sort of a woman.

But you can gamble your peace of mind, your love of ease and all your enjoyments of life that the Monster Man wouldn't torment the solitude of such a woman with his presence longer than a day or two, and she would thus be spared one of the greatest annoyances to which mankind is subjected. ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

From the Admiral of the Navy.

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

If I were a woman, I would be just that, and nothing more. In these lines lie the secret of woman's greatest charm. Man was made to work for woman; woman, to charm him in his hours of ease.

If I were a woman I would never go to a weather eating reef topsails, would never take a musket and stand post in the rain and sleet for four hours; would never be a "walkist" and "go as you please" for five or six days. I would be a great magnet in my domain, and draw husband and children toward me by those unerring charms which every true woman possesses —by sweetness of temper, a loving heart, and the absence of all strong-mindedness. If my husband was named "John," I would change it to "Luxury," and sit in his lap whenever I could.

A man can never know the trials to which women are subjected, and it is idle for him to say what he would do, and what he would not do, if he were a woman. But one thing is certain; he would not perform woman's duties half as well as the woman does. So let us thank heaven that man is satisfied to be confined to his legitimate sphere, for those who interfere too much with what belongs to the other sex generally make a failure.

DAVID D. PORTER, Admiral.

From "the Poet of the Sierras."

If I were a woman, what would I do; and not do?

Now let us look into this thing, as the man said when he fell into the well, and go back to the beginning. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Then we read in the Good Book that He rested on the seventh day. Then the Lord God made man, "of the dust of the ground." And then He rested again. And then the Lord God "planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there He put the man whom he had formed." And then the Lord God rested again. And I hope it was a good long rest. For the next that the Lord God made was woman. And I search the Bible in vain for any word or sign that the Lord God—or man either—ever rested after that woman was made.

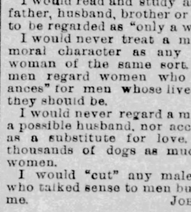
A fig leaf, and a fig leaf. As the doctors say, "There has been no marked change." And how many leaves of other trees do you suppose she tried on before she found the fig leaf to fit her? Fancy the late Mr. Adam coming home from down town in the crowded street car, and Eve rushing in upon him with her arms full of leaves, and she making him get up and swing his heavy frame to a greasy strap, while she nursed her fig leaves and flirted right and left with the simpering clerks!

What would I do if I were a woman? I would quit fooling with fig leaves. I would dress up once, modestly, tastily, with great regard for health and comfort and comeliness, and then I would rise up and try and do something else before the Day of Judgment. For this fig leaf business has lasted long enough. The very first thing laid down within the lids of the Bible, after the chronicle of creation, is this fuss and trouble about women's dress. For on the very next page we find Eve still unsatisfied about the cut and quality of her fig-leaf dress, and we read that "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them."

Next, after I had given the clerks a rest and stopped running to the stores I would try to stop talking so much and let the world rest mentally a little, as well as physically.

My, oh my! If a woman only could learn how to keep quiet in word and deed and dress, what a dominion would be hers! All the ships we sail are for her; the gold and diamonds that we dig, the deepest mines we explore, the lands we discover and subdue, the battles that we fight, where brother goes down to death against brother—all, all for woman! Yet here she goes galloping up and down, street car and store, store and street car, the same garrulous parrot as when she was the first to speak to the serpent; the first to open her sweet mouth and eat of the forbidden fruit. Fig leaves and flirtations! Flirtations and fig leaves! "Get thee to a nunnery." JOAQUIN MILLER.

What Dr. Talmage Would Do.



IF I were a woman, I would stay a woman.

If there is anything despicable to my mind it is an effeminate man or a masculine woman.

Just in proportion as woman does her work in the sphere that God has appointed for her, she will be happy and attractive.

There is a great multitude of men now who, by their manners, assume a sort of womanhood. They want to be soft; they go simpering through the world, and they are far from being of interest to anybody. A man should be a man; a woman a woman, and nothing else.

There is no reason why there should be any distinction as to where the line should be that divides man's appropriate field and woman's particular sphere. Every man knows when he is engaged in his right occupation, and so does every woman, and when they attempt otherwise they become offensive to all sensible men and all sensible women. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

What Edgar Saltus's Motto Would Be.

Were I a woman:

I should consider that nothing was less aristocratic than disbelief, and nothing more vulgar than jealousy.

I would never forget to remember that beauty may allure, but that graciousness enchains.

I would not do anything important—I should emulate the rose and its wisdom; I should charm and be silent.

I would not wear corsets.

I would not wish to be a man—until I was 30.

My motto would be *Pourquoi pas*, and I should be careful not to live up to it.

EDGAR SALTUS.

What Max O'Rell Would Want.

I have been a man a good many years—more years than I care to tell—and I have come to the conclusion that, if I were a woman, I should consider few men, if any, worthy of me.

If I were a woman, I should expect a triumphal arch erected over each door through which I was about to pass, and each floor strewn with flowers upon which I was about to tread.

This is what I would do.

And if the men were to expect me to return any gratitude to them for it—why, that's just what I would not do.

MAX O'RELL.

From Will Carleton.

If I were a woman, I should thank God for considering my soul worthy of such an environment, and strive each day to show Him that His confidence was not misplaced. WILL CARLETON.

The Author of "Helen's Babies."

If I were a woman:

I would intrust my appearance more to Dame Nature than to the dressmaker, for I see that healthy women attract more attention than exquisitely dressed invalids.

I would regard my health as my fortune, to be respected accordingly by others as well as myself.

I would spend a great deal of my time out of doors, even if I couldn't do it except by weeding my own garden.

I would read and study more much as my father, husband, brother or son, so as never to be regarded as "only a woman."

I would never treat a man of doubtful moral character as any better than a woman of the same sort. I know how men regard women who "make allowances" for men whose lives are not what they should be.

I would never regard a mere admirer as a possible husband, nor accept admiration as a substitute for love. I have seen thousands of dogs as much admired as women.

I would "cut" any male acquaintance who talked sense to men but trivialities to me. JOHN HABERTON.

MINISTERIAL PLAGIARISTS.

Stories That are Told About Them in a New York Town.

Two village newspapers near Middleton are exchanging stories of their experiences in reporting plagiarized sermons. The Gardiner *Weekly* set out by telling of a church in that village whose pulpit is supplied by two preachers from neighboring towns on alternate Sundays. The other Sunday Pastor A. filled the pulpit and preached an unusually brilliant and effective sermon. The next Sunday Pastor B. in turn occupied the sacred desk, and amazed the congregation by preaching word for word the sermon they had heard from Pastor A.'s lips a week before. It is intimated that each had cribbed the discourse from an old book of sermons and preached it from the same pulpit in serene confidence that the plagiarism would never be found out.

The Ellenville *Journal* matches this story by another of a clergyman of that village who brought to the office the manuscript of a sermon he had preached the previous Sunday, and procured its publication as original with him. A day or two later somebody handed the editor a New York paper with the alleged original sermon reported in its columns as having been preached by an eminent Brooklyn divine a month before.

A similar incident relates to an eloquent and much admired discourse preached by another Ellenville clergyman. "Before publication day," says the editor, "we stumbled upon a sermon in an old magazine, printed 30 years before. We gave out two pages of the old magazine to the compositors and printed the matter in the *Journal* as a report of the eloquent discourse we had listened to on the previous Sunday. We were rewarded by receiving from the preacher cordial congratulations on the strict accuracy of our report of his sermon."

How They Do It.

Municipal Dignitary (to the police official)—Order the force to have everything in readiness for a descent on the gambling houses to-night.

Police Officer (to subordinate officer)—Tell the men to get ready for a raid on the gambling places to-night.

Subordinate Officer (to squad of police)—Boys, be around here at 11 o'clock. We are ordered to make a haul on the gambling houses.

Policeman (to gambler)—Jerry, we're goin' to raid ye about midnight. Tell the byes.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Doctor's Controversies.

Fond wife—What are you so busy at?

Young physician—I am writing a letter to the newspapers, abusing Dr. Blank, the great scientist.

"But Dr. Blank has never done you any harm, and you agreed with his theories."

"True; but it's against the rules for physicians to advertise, and I must get myself before the public somehow."—*New York Weekly.*

The Bacon and Eggs Problem.

"There's no use in trying to economize, Tom. The money is bound to go one way or another."

"Why, what's the matter now."

"Why, I've been walking home every night for a month to save my 'bus fare, and now Mrs. Pancake has raised my board on account of increased appetite!"—*London Edition New York Herald.*

—A gray beard on a man under 50 makes him look older than he is. The best dye to color *brown* or *black* is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and to contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

SOMEWHAT ROMANTIC.

An Episode of Love—How a Comrade Lost and Regained a Bride.

GEN GRANT having taken charge of the Army of the Potomac, our battery, Bat'y. C, 1st Pa. Light Artillery was relieved from duty and sent back to Washington D. C., to recruit up our thinned-out ranks. During the fall of 1865 Comrade William Stewart fell in love with Miss Kate Mann, an estimable young lady, who resided with Mrs. McGonnel, her aunt, on H. street. Mrs. G. was of Catholic faith, and did not approve of her niece marrying a Protestant. In view of this fact, the girl's aunt concluded to break up the match. A time had been set for the marriage to take place. Comrade Stewart, myself and lady friend, accompanied by the chaplain, proceeded to the home of William's intended at the appointed time. But, behold! When we arrived the bride had flown. You can imagine the bridegroom's feelings, for he was very much attached to the young lady, and thought "the world and all" of her.

Miss Mann's aunt informed us that the young lady's father had come and taken her back to her home in Philadelphia. Well, the only thing left for us to do was to return to our friends, a sad and melancholy group—the expectant bridegroom without his bride, the chaplain without a fee, and myself and lady without having witnessed the marriage of our friend. Comrade Stewart did not slumber any that night, for instead of retiring he walked the floor until morning.

The next day I accompanied the comrade to the depot, where, upon inquiry, we learned that the fair one had not been a passenger on the route to Philadelphia, as attested by the ticket agent, who was well acquainted with the young lady in question. We conjectured that Miss Mann must certainly still be in the city, and our efforts were put forth to discover her whereabouts.

Mr. Stewart had given his affianced money and valuable jewelry, and he concluded to demand the return of the same, if such a thing could be done. We soon became aware of the missing bride. Accordingly I was detailed as the bearer of the letter to the girl's aunt, demanding the articles. The lady informed me, after she had perused the letter, that the money and jewelry should be returned to the donor that evening at 6 o'clock. It was then noon.

When I returned, Stewart and I went up into the city, hired a barouche, got into it, and directed the driver to take up a position within sight of Mrs. McGonnel's residence. We did not have long to wait. Directly Mr. Kelley was seen to leave the house, and get in the direction of Bladensburg. We gave the driver of our vehicle directions to follow the gentleman, but to do so without attracting his attention. When within about half a mile of Bladensburg the traveler quitted the turnpike and entered a large stone house, occupied by a gardener.

This, then, we concluded, was the cage our bird was in. However, we were driven on to Bladensburg, where Mr. Stewart wrote a letter for me to deliver, so that I might have an excuse to return to the gardener's house, after having given Mr. Kelley time to go away. Accordingly I went to the house. The proprietor of the premises, an elderly gentleman, was out in the garden, accompanied by a double-barreled shotgun, hunting for birds, which were disturbing the planted seeds. The lady of the house, also, was a short distance in the rear of her husband. As they were preoccupied they did not notice my approach; but the Newfoundland watch-dog did, and came bounding toward me furiously. There was no friendly tree to climb, so I rushed into the house and shut the door, to avoid being bitten by the angry canine.

I was well rewarded for my temerity, for who should I find in the room but Miss Kate! She was weeping, but her tears were tears of joy, at having been discovered. She was the happiest girl I ever saw, when I informed her that Stewart was near at hand, and would arrive in a short time. The gardener and his good wife were only too glad to be of assistance in restoring the young lady to the arms of her faithful lover.

I returned to camp, procured an ambulance and team, and together we all went up to Bloodensburg, where the couple were married, the gardener's wife acting as maid of honor. All the officers of the fort graced the ceremony with their appearance, and the band furnished appropriate music for the occasion. Mr. Stewart and his lady are both living, and reside near Pittsburg, Pa., on the Alleghany river.—JOHN T. ADAMS, Bat'y G, 1st Pa. Lt. Art., New Matamoras, Ohio.

BISHOP'S VARIETIES.

One Night at a Chattanooga Play-House "Sherman's Bummers."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—During the war Chattanooga was a very important town, with its field hospitals, forts, batteries and breastworks; with its many government storehouses, and an army of sutlers. Chattanooga presented a grand panorama, having for the background Missionary Ridge and grim old Lookout mountain.

Among other things to be seen there were the many "wheels of fortune." Every variety of gambling was carried on openly day and night, the favorite game being "chuck-a-luck."

Vile whisky was sold for 25 cents a glass, and cabbage leaf cigars at two for a quarter.

The theaters did a heavy business, and for the benefit of those who "weren't thar," I will describe one night at Bishop's Varieties. On the night in question Lucretia Borgia was on the programme for the opening piece, and Paddy Miles's Boy as an afterpiece. Between acts comic songs, banjo solos, and dances were the order of the night. I paid a 50-cent shinplaster for the privilege of a 2x6 popular plank seat in the cockpit. The large shed, seating perhaps 1,000 veterans, was jammed full; but strange to say, no ladies, either white or black, were present, except the ladies connected with the Bishop troupe. Guards were stationed here and there about the house to preserve order, but the boys paid not the slightest attention to them. Bishop ran the house awhile; then, again, "Sherman's Bummers" ran it. Lucretia was well received, and everybody kept quiet for a time, until the boys occupying the reserved seats jumped up on them in order to get a better view of the stage. This evoked a great howl from the pit, as it left us completely in the dark.

"Nothing but brass buttons!" yelled one.

"Darned poor reflectors you are," said another.

"Grab a root, Bishop, and set down on 'em!" yelled all hands.

"Keep still, you big slummixes," said one of the guards, "or I'll put you all out."

This caused a great laugh at the expense of the beardless guard, for the idea of one guard putting out into the chilly night air a thousand old bummers, was so ridiculous; but good humor and quiet was again restored. Then Mr. Scott, a dignified-looking actor with a tremendous mustache, came on and began to sing:

O Mary, tell me why is it, that you can look so gay,
When evening after evening your husband—

He got no further, for an Indiana vet. interrupted Mr. Scott with, "Oh, b—! if Mary's married let up on her, and go hang yourself to a sour apple tree." Then presto! change! The whole audience commenced to sing "We'll Hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree," while some of them branched off onto "John Brown's Body." And so it went all the evening. Father Abraham's boys could not be downed, and I will add that I never got more satisfaction out of a half dollar than I did from the one I spent at Bishop's Varieties.—FRED ROOGE, Co. E, 38th O. V. I., Columbus, Ky.

THE SECOND O. H. A.

Doing Guard Duty at Knoxville—A Disciplinarian.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In the month of May, 1865, the 2d O. H. A. was transported by rail from London to Knoxville, Tenn., a distance of 28 miles, and quartered on the hill inside of Fort Sanders. Col. H. G. Gibson's headquarters were at the college building residence. The 2d O. H. A. band was quartered at the college, and at night discoursed sweet music at the colonel's headquarters. The duty assigned to the 2d was to guard all points at which it was essential that guards should be placed; such as the colonel's and General Stoneman's headquarters, corner of Gay and Church streets; quartermaster's guard, Gay street; commissary stores; freight houses and platforms, stored with mess-pork and flour; one special ordnance building, filled with missiles and infantry equipments, besides an acre of ground covered with light artillery guns; depot buildings, telegraph and ticket office; union prison pen for guerrillas and bushwhackers; guards for the bridge over the Holstein river; picket guards on the outskirts of city breastworks, and a daily patrol in the city limits, all of which required about 200 guards

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

"Teetotaller Dick."

Every reader of the Question Bureau is requested to turn to the fourth page of this issue and read there the announcement of Col. King's new temperance story, written expressly for THE BLADE. And then we shall be glad to have them, each and every one, send us the names of persons who do not take THE BLADE, but who would be glad to read "Teetotaller Dick," and have their children read it. We will send a sample copy of the story, containing the first instalment to all whose names are sent. And we urge that you send us names at once.

The Australian System of Voting.

G. H. S., Columbia, N. J.: In the Australian system of voting, the tickets are printed by the state, and each contains the names of all candidates of all parties, for all offices to be filled. No ballot is legal except these. We have before us one of the tickets used in the recent Montana state election. It is 30 inches long and 5 inches wide. We reproduce the heading and a portion of the ballot, to show its arrangement:

OFFICIAL BALLOT.

PARK COUNTY, MONTANA.

For the Election October 1st, A. D. 1889.

FOR GOVERNOR.		Vote for 1
Power, Thos. C.,	Republican.	X
Toole, Joseph K.,	Democrat.	

FOR MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.		Vote for 2.
Eston, Charles H.,	Republican.	X
Hatch, Ozias M.,	Democrat.	
Myers, Benjamin F.,	Democrat.	
Stebbins, Charles H.,	Republican.	X

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.		Vote for 3
Bullard, Wm. H.,	Democrat.	
Connell, James,	Democrat.	
Hoppe, Hugo J.,	Republican.	X
Lampert, George T.,	Republican.	X
Wayne, Alva,	Democrat.	
Wright, Wm. M.,	Republican.	X

FOR SHERIFF.		Vote for 1
McCarthy, George W.,	Democrat.	
Templeton, Oliver P.,	Republican.	X

We have not taken the offices in regular order, but merely selected a few to illustrate the method of arranging the ticket. The names of the candidates for each office are arranged as they come in the alphabet—see the county commissioners above. The politics of each candidate is given. There is one, two or three blank lines at the bottom, following each list of candidates, for the insertion of the name of any other person for whom the voter may see fit to cast his ballot; thus, as there was but one governor to elect, there is but one blank line under that list; there were two representatives to elect, hence there are two blanks under that list; there were three county commissioners to elect, hence there are three blank lines after list that.

The voter enters the room in which the polls are held, and receives, from a sworn officer, one of these blank tickets. At one side of the room there are several little compartments furnished with pencil, ordinary desk and pencil. The voter puts an X in the blank space to the right, after the name of the candidate for each office for whom he wishes to vote. The above ticket is marked as it would be voted by a Republican. You will see the X in the proper blank after the name of each Republican candidate.

No one is allowed to speak to the voter from the time he takes his ticket until he votes it. As soon as he marks it he folds it up, and presents himself to the judges at the ballot-box; his name is taken, and the ticket deposited in the box, and the voter leaves the room. There are provisions of the law for the voting of blind, illiterate and others, who can not read their own ballots. There is a sworn officer of each political party present; and if the voter declares he can not mark his ticket himself, the officer of his own political faith is allowed to go with him into the compartment and mark his ticket as the voter directs. The plan has worked well wherever tried. It prevents the buying of votes, because no one can possibly tell how any voter voted; and no one will pay a man for his vote and trust his word that he voted that way. It also prevents any compulsion being exercised over a voter by his employer or others, as to how he shall v te.

2.—We have not the figures as to the tax rates and state debts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey; but we wish to remind you that Pennsylvania has a much greater population than New Jersey, and is much wealthier; and her debt might be several times as great as that of New Jersey without being so great per capita.

3.—The public debt is decreasing, not increasing.

Water Power by Day and Night.

The discussion of the question, "is water power stronger at night than by day?" which was carried on in the BUREAU, was stopped because it was merely theoretical, and we announced that we should publish nothing further on the subject, unless some one should give the result of actual experiments. The following is an account of experiments made, by Dr. S. D. Newbro, North Lansing, Mich., and we are under many obligations to him for the pains and trouble he has taken:

I took a heavily iron hooped 74½ gallon beer-keg, and bored an inch and quarter hole in the bulge equidistant between the bung and stopcock tube. This tube was made of a pine block, two inches square and seven inches long. One end was whittled, to be driven in like a cork, but not so small as to go through the hole. Then a quarter-inch hole was bored lengthwise nearly through the block, and at the bottom of this hole an intersecting hole in the side, and this intersecting hole capped with a crowning piece of very soft pine, which had been thickly studded, with a perforation that a darning-needle would nicely plug. On the upper side of the keg, part of the way down from the bunghole, was bored a small oblique hole, in which was placed a section of goose-quill, with both ends open, adjusted so the upper end was nearly level with top of the bung—so nicely that when the keg was filled a few drops added at the bung would cause a discharge out of the quill. In theory the keg might be filled any number of times without a variation of ten drops of one filling from another.

Next, the keg was kept full of water three or four days to saturate the pores of the wood, and then emptied, and placed on a substantial foundation, not to be touched again during experiments. The experiments were made in a cellar not subject to much change of temperature between day and night at this season of the year. At every experiment the keg was newly filled with freshly pumped well water from a drive-well in the cellar, and filled at such time that the water did not stand in the keg five minutes before the test was commenced.

First experiment, October 8, 1889, at 11 a. m.: Withdrew the needle plug and the water flowed a stream three (3) hours and thirty six (36) minutes, and then in a dribble about five seconds. At 11 o'clock at night of the same day withdrew the plug for the night experiment, and the water flowed a stream (3) hours and forty-two (42) minutes and with a dribble about five seconds. The experiments were repeated next day and night, varied only by the night run being only three minutes slower than the day run.

The experimenter is not satisfied that everything was faultless, and turns the whole matter over to others to experiment on. Should others choose to make a similar experiment he advises a heavy *wooden*-hooped barrel—and the discharge aperture increased, but not to be larger than a kernel of wheat. The experimenter should have an assistant and a stop-watch.

The above arguments, if not too faulty to have weight, indicate that water is more lively, quick or fluid in the daytime, by reason of light, electricity, or other influence, than at night, and that it would more quickly fill the buckets of a power-wheel than at night. The first night's experiment was commenced about three hours after date of full moon, and when the moon was about as directly over us as it can be, and the sun over the opposite side of the globe, and therefore the globe between the attractions of the sun and moon. Who knows but that, somewhat opposed to the gravitation of the earth, the moon exercised a drawing, lifting influence on the water used in the experiment as on the waters of the ocean in the formation of tides? Who knows but that when both the sun and moon are on the opposite side of the earth they act auxiliary to gravity on things this side of the earth? and if so, then with all these planets pulling down on water, it must flow down hill more rapidly and fill the buckets of the wheel faster on such nights than in the day time, when the sun or moon or both and moon are on this side? Rivers would flow with a stiffer current, and steamboats with same gauge of steam could not go up stream as fast. The pendulum of the spring clock would not swing as large but be more likely to stop by not swinging far enough to let the verge pass the teeth of the crown wheel. A charge of powder would not throw a ball quite so far. Other queer things are too numerous to mention.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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Dull Aches, Pains and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

Joseph Bonaparte.

J. H. W., Portland, Kan.: Joseph Bonaparte was the eldest brother of Napoleon the Great. He was born at Corte Corsica, Jan. 7, 1768, and died in Florence, July 28, 1844. He received an university education. He was an early and zealous supporter of the French revolution. In 1794 he married Mlle. Clary, daughter of a Marseilles merchant. In 1796 he went with Napoleon to Italy as military commissary. He was next made French envoy to Parma, and in 1797 French minister to Rome. He was elected a member from Corsica of the French Council of Five Hundred in 1798, and rendered much assistance to Napoleon, in the events which led to the elevation of the latter as First Consul. He was one of the French commissioners to make a treaty with the United States in 1800, and visited Germany at Napoleon's request in 1801, and with Great Britain at Amiens in 1802. He was offered the crown of Lombardy by Napoleon when the latter made himself emperor, but declined it. After Austerlitz, Joseph was sent with an army to Naples. He entered the city in 1806, and was made King of Naples. He reigned two years, when, at Napoleon's request he exchanged the throne of Naples for that of Spain. Three times during the five years he was King of Spain he was driven from Madrid by hostile armies, the last time in 1813, never to return. After the battle of Waterloo he met Napoleon for the last time on June 29, 1815, on which occasion he endeavored to have the emperor change places with him that Napoleon might escape, but the latter refused; but as Napoleon intended to escape to the United States, Joseph pledged himself to meet him there, Joseph crossed the ocean to Philadelphia, where he resided during the winter, and had also a mansion with extensive grounds, called "Point Breeze," near Bordentown, N. J., where he spent his summers. In 1817 the New Jersey legislature passed a special act to enable him, an alien, to hold real estate; and the New York legislature did the same in 1825, to enable him to own a residence in a secluded portion of country, near the Adirondack wilderness, where he lived for some time. He endeared himself to Americans by his benevolence, affability and accomplishments; and he was elected a member of many learned and philanthropical associations. His wife's delicate health prevented her joining him in America, but his two daughters and his son-in-law, Prince of Canino, lived with him. In 1832 he went to England, returning to America in 1837, and going to England again in 1839. Shortly after he reached London he had a paralytic stroke, which rendered him an invalid. In 1841 he went to Florence, where his family joined him, and where he died in 1844.

The Ordinances of 1784 and 1787.

J. H. W., Gilead, Ind., asks: "Who was the author of the proviso excluding slavery from the Northwest Territory of the United States? An answer through your paper will oblige."

At the close of the Revolution it was agreed that the states having unsettled western possessions should cede them to the federal government. In 1784, Thomas Jefferson prepared for the Continental Congress, at Philadelphia, Virginia's deed of cession of all her territory northwest of the Ohio; and, as chairman of a committee appointed for the purpose, he submitted a plan for the government of that tract; but of any other that might be ceded within certain limits. This is known as the "Ordinance of 1784." It declared slavery should not exist in this area after the year 1800; but this section failed of adoption, as it required the vote of all the states.

In 1787, a committee of the last Continental Congress reported to that body, at New York, "An ordinance for the government of the territory of the United States Northwest of the river Ohio." It is to be remembered that the Mississippi river was then the western boundary of the United States; so the territory included in this "Ordinance of 1787" was that now embraced in the states of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and that part of Minnesota east of the Mississippi. This ordinance provided for the immediate abolition of slavery in that territory, but contained a provision for the return of fugitive slaves; so the Southern states offered no opposition, and it was adopted.

Our Pension List.

H. P. H., Battle Creek, Mich.: 1.—There was no draft on Lincoln's first call for 75,000 men; consequently, many more than that number offered themselves.

2.—On June 30, 1888, there were 452,557 pensioners on the rolls of the Pension office, distributed as follows:

War of Rebellion:	
Army—Invalids	323,030
Army—Widows, etc	90,882
Navy—Invalids	3,815
Navy—Widows, etc	2,083
War of 1812:	
Surviving soldiers	806
Widows, etc	10,787
War with Mexico:	
Surviving soldiers	16,060
Widows, etc	5,104
Total, June 30, 1888	452,557

The number now is considerably greater. For that year the total amount paid these pensioners was $79,646,146. For the last year the total amount paid was about $83,000,000.

3.—It will be 30 or 90 years before all the pensioners of the war are dead. The "war of 1812" ended in 1815—74 years ago—and, as you see above, there are over 11,000 pensioners of that war remaining.

Systems of Short-Hand.

G. J., Lawrence, Kan.: There are three systems of short-hand in general use, all based on the system of phonography invented by Isaac Pitman, of Bath, England. They are all modifications of that invention. They are Pitman's, Graham's, and Munson's. Any one can become a good reporter by mastering either of the three. There are a myriad of minor "systems," so-called, which are the worse the farther they get from Ireland and from this country; your nationality is American; your descent is Irish. Nationality and descent are not the same.

Young Rancher, Wardner, I. T.: 1.—A minor cannot take up a homestead until he is 21 years old. 2.—A native born boy of 17 is a citizen of course, but has no legal rights until he is 21.

Paul, Grant's Pass, Ore.: We would advise that you write a letter of inquiry on the subjects mentioned in your letter, to the "Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C."

W. S., W. LaPorte, Ind.: We have not recipes for the confectionery you ask. Better have a bookseller order you some handbook on candy-making. There are several cheap works published, we think.

C. F. C., Toledo, O.: Michigan now requires a marriage license, so that it is now impossible for runaway couples to go from Ohio across the line and be married, as they did before the new Michigan law was passed.

S. N. R., Silverton, Ore.: There is a good deal of genuine Confederate money in the hands of dealers in curiosities, etc., and a much greater amount of mere imitation. The best way to obtain the genuine is to advertise for it.

M. T., Mingo, O.: Prince Bismarck fills two offices; he is chancellor of the German Empire, and also minister of foreign affairs. He is assisted by his son, Count Herbert Bismarck, whose position corresponds to our assistant secretary of state.

R. L. E., Woodbine, Iowa: We have not the details of the process of making smokeless powder, nor should an inexperienced person attempt to make explosive compounds. Many lives have been lost by ignorant fooling with dangerous compounds.

C. E. H., Dodge City, Kan.: Members of Congress are each furnished with a certain number of the annual reports of the various offices, the *Congressional Record* and the various government reports of various kinds. Each member can do as he likes with those assigned to him.

Mrs. M., Lima, O.: The following are the trade dollar issues that have a premium with coin dealers: the trade dollar of 1873 is worth $1.10; 1879, $3; 1880, $1.75; 1881, $1.25; 1882 $1.25. No other dates bear a premium. We cannot give the addresses of dealers in coins, as it would be free advertising.

J. L. A., Ellendale, N. D.: The "rule of three" of the old arithmetics is the same thing that is named "simple proportion" in the arithmetics of to-day. Turn to your arithmetic and you will find it. It was called the "rule of three" because three quantities are given to find a fourth one.

Passim, Potwin, Kan.: 1.—We think the Ute Indians who raised the trouble referred to were in the northern edge of California. 2.—The White River agency is so called because it is on White river, S.—You will find the answer to your question, "Why do we so often hear it said that the rainbow is a promise from God that the world shall never be destroyed by water again?" in your Bible—Genesis ix, 12 to 16, inclusive.

R. W. S., Cooperstown, Dak.: 1.—An incorporation is not necessary in any case except where a stock company is formed, so as to take advantage of the state law regarding the liability of stockholders. 2.—It is a very foolish thing for any one to change his name, unless it is done by proper legal authority. In some states an act of the legislature is needed; in others, the power is vested in certain courts. If you wish to add an initial to your name, or to change it in any way, we strongly advise that you have it done according to the laws of your state. Then no trouble can result.

Provost Marshals' Pensions.

C. B. H., Lansing, Kan., writes: "My father, now deceased, was a provost marshal during the war, and died three years after it ended. Being exposed to all kinds of weather he contracted the disease from which he died. Is not his widow entitled to a pension?"

Sec. 4,963, U. S. Revised Statutes, clause 5, includes among those entitled to pensions "Any provost marshal, deputy provost marshal, or enrolling officer, disabled, by reason of any wound or injury, received in the discharge of his duty, to procure a subsistence by manual labor." And sec. 4,762 extends to the widow the same pension to which her husband would have been entitled, to commence from his death. The question now hinges on whether the disease contracted in the service entitled him to a pension, under the law we quote above, which says any "wound or injury." This is a question we cannot answer definitely. Better address a letter of inquiry to the "Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.," or consult some good, honest, pension attorney.

Cost of European Travel.

Æneas, Delavan, Ill., writes: "Will you please give an estimate, in the lowest rates at which an individual of a party of six or eight persons can make a tour of Europe, traveling comfortably for a six weeks' trip, beginning with departure from New York and to return to the same point?"

A more indefinite question could hardly be asked. To answer satisfactorily, we would have to know how extended the trip would be, over what countries, and many other particulars. Our correspondent can get cabin passage from New York to European points at $100 to $125; second cabin, considerably cheaper—say $75. This for one way; the return is usually costly. He will find that it will cost him an average of $5 a day for every day he is there, besides his railway fares, whatever they may be.

Lowell Mason, Mus. Doc.

E. E. K., Benton City, O.: Lowell Mason, the composer, was born in Medfield, Mass., in 1792, and died in Orange, N. J., in 1872. From childhood he was fond of music, and began teaching it at an early age. In 1812 he removed to Savannah, Ga., where he taught music, led choirs, etc. In 1821 his first collection of church music was published, and its success led him to remove to Boston, where, in 1827, he began teaching classes in vocal music. He became an early advocate of the Pestalozzian method of teaching music, and his juvenile classes became so large th t the associated G. J. Webb with him. He pub lished fifteen or sixteen juvenile collections of music, seven or eight glee books, and over twenty of sacred and church music. His last work, "The Song Garden," appeared in 1860.

Widows' Pensions.

New Subscriber, Independence, Mo., writes: "I saw in THE BLADE that the unmarried widow of an honorably discharged soldier, is entitled to a pension. Now I am one of those widows, and I have been trying for the last five years, through a Chicago agent, to get a pension. I think I sent sufficient evidence, and I need it very much. My husband was in the army over three years. Can you tell me what more I can do?" It is difficult to say what can be done to push your claim forward. You might write a letter, setting forth the facts in the plainest and shortest way, addressed "Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.," asking what is the cause of the delay. If you can get your Representative in Congress to push the matter, it would aid you materially.

Wrappers Opening in Transit.

U. G. Y., Peach Tree, N. C., writes: "My BLADE has been coming to this office regularly every Tuesday for about seven or eight months, until the day I should have received the issue of September 26, when the wrapper came; but instead of the paper it had a slight pamphlet, concerning a patent medicine in New York. The wrapper was unpasted and tied with a string. Please let me know your opinion about it."

Undoubted the wrapper of THE BLADE came open in the mail, as well as the wrapper covering the pamphlets; and the mail clerk got them in the wrong wrappers when he tied them up. Such accidents frequently occur in the mails. The missing number has been mailed you.

Rain in Mid-Ocean.

Student, Philomath, Ore., writes: "There was a question asked in school to-day, which neither teacher nor student could answer. It was, 'Does it rain at mid-ocean?' Please enlighten us, and oblige."

Why should it rain on the ocean even more than the land? It is singular that the idea could ever gain prevalence that it does not rain in mid-ocean. It does, more copiously, as every sailor will attest. The rainless districts of the world are a few desert areas. We strongly urge on "Student," her fellow-students, and her teacher, the study of some good, honest, pension attorney. text-book on physical geography and study it attentively.

Battle of "Pigeon's Canon."

C. E. V., Stevens Point, Wis., writes: "Will you please inform me the exact date of the battle of Pigeon's Canon? Also, the battle-ground of it; and if it was fought in New Mexico, near Fort Garland, some time in 1862."

The only battles fought in New Mexico in the year 1862 were: Fort Craig, or Valverde, Feb. 21; Peralio, April 15; Fort Craig, May 23, and Ft. Fillmore, Aug. 7. These are from Phisterer's "Statistical Record." If any one can give us any information about the battle asked for, we shall be glad to publish it.

The "Penny" of the Gospels.

Z. E. H. asks: "Of what metal was the Roman penny made that was in use in the Savior's time?"

In the New Testament, the word "penny" and the same in the compound "pennyworth," is used for the Roman denarius, which was the chief Roman silver coin, and contained, under the emperors (and at the time of Christ), 62 grains of silver. Its value now would be about 15 cents.

Miscellaneous.

R. A. F., Bowling Green, O.: The "Rhyme of the Navy" will be published within a week in "Old War Songs."

Subscriber, Sioux City, Iowa: The name Locke is pronounced to rhyme with "dock," "clock," etc. The final e is silent.

R. J. S., Denton, Tex.: Your questions have been handed to the correspondence editor, and will probably be answered in that department.

G. S., Clintonville, Wis.: There never was a Shuman county in Ohio. We do not recall any noted person of the name of Shuman, of New Philadelphia, Tuscarawas county, Ohio.

R. C., Atlantic, W. Va.: If your father was born in Ireland and you in this country, your nationality is American; your descent is Irish. Nationality and descent are not the same.

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To Tan Fur Skins.

W. N., Hamilton, Kan.: After having cut off the useless parts, and softened the skin by soaking in water, remove the fatty matter from the inside and soak it in warm water for an hour. Next mix equal parts of borax, saltpetre and sulphate of soda (Glauber's salts), in the proportion of about ½ ounce of each to every skin with enough water to make a thin paste; spread this with a brush over the inside of the skin, applying more on the thicker parts than on the thinner ones. Fold the skin together, flesh side inwards, and place in a cool place. After standing 24 hours, wash the skin clean and apply, in the same manner as before a mixture of 1 ounce sal soda, 2 ounce borax and 2 ounces of hard, white soap, melted slowly together without being allowed to boil; fold together again and put away in a warm place for 24 hours. After this, dissolve 4 ounces alum, 3 ounces salt and 2 ounces saleratus in enough hot rain-water to saturate the skin; when cool enough not to scald the hands, soak the skin in it for 12 hours; then wring out and hang it up to dry. When dry, repeat this soaking and drying 2 or three times, or till the skin is sufficiently soft. Lastly, smooth the inside with fine sand-paper and pumice stone. We know of no method of removing the animal smell.

To Set Up a Meridian Line.

C. E. M., Canon City, Colo., writes: "Some weeks ago I saw in the BUREAU an inquiry for a method of making a meridian mark. Here is one I saw in the *Scientific American* some years ago which I find satisfactory:

"Set a post four feet high firmly in the ground, and on the top nail a strip of tin, the end projecting about three inches on the north side. Near the outer end make a very small hole. About eight inches from the top, on the north side, fasten a shelf about twelve inches square; have it level. With a plumb line make a mark A on the shelf, exactly under the hole in the tin strip. About 9 o'clock a. m. make a mark, B, where the sunlight, falling through the hole in the tin, strikes the shelf. Now put one point of your dividers on A and the other on B, and, with A for a center, strike a circle. Watch in the afternoon where the sunspot strikes the circle, and make a mark C. Now make a mark D on the circle, equi-distant between B and C; then draw a straight line from A through D, and you have a true meridian line."

The Term "Cracker."

H. C. F., Toledo, O., in response to an inquiry in last week's BUREAU, says: The class of people in the South who derive their generic name from the chief article of their diet—Indian corn—are called "corn crackers," or simply "crackers," and are looked upon as very low persons. They inhabit the unproductive regions of the state, and appear as "conchies" or "low-downers" in North Carolina, and as "sandhillers" or "poor white trash" in South Carolina and Georgia. They are also occasionally to be found in Florida, leading wretched lives in the woods, their habits resembling those of the most degraded Indians. The "crackers" of North Carolina are perhaps the poorest of them all. Their principal occupation is collecting turpentine, and they are said to delight in regaling themselves on a clay diet.

The Trade Dollar.

C. A. R., Allegan, Mich.: The trade dollar was authorized by act of February 12, 1873, it weighed 420 grains, and was designed for the convenience of our commerce with China and Japan. It was not made a legal tender, in order to keep it out of circulation in the United States. The Mexican silver dollar has long been a favorite coin in China and Japan, and it was thought that by coining a dollar of similar weight there would be found a large market for our silver, in the form of the trade dollar, in those countries, and that the coin would eventually take the place, to a large extent, of the Mexican dollar. This proved to be an incorrect assumption; the Orientals did not take kindly to the trade dollar, and the greater portion of those coined went into circulation at home. The coinage was discontinued, and finally Congress called in the coins, the mints melting them up into bullion again. The weight of the standard silver dollar is 412½ grains.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL, AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

A KANSAS LETTER.

LIFE IN A DRY COUNTRY.

A Kansas Minister Tells the Story of Prohibition in His State—"Prohibition Does Prohibit," Certainly.

LYNDON, KAN., Oct. 14.—EDITOR BLADE:—It is an old canon of Cicero that no man should begin a discourse until he had defined his subject, and stated what he expected to accomplish. Now there are two kinds of dry countries, and two kinds of wet ones, between which there is not even a similarity. Some ten years ago I spent some months in Colorado. The part of the state where I was located had had no rain, worth speaking of, for about eighteen months, and as the natural result all vegetation was parched and the dust almost unbearable. The ranchmen said the country was very dry, and that the cattle could get nothing to drink. Yet that is not the kind of a dry country I want to write about, for it was also "wet," in that as you passed along the streets your olfactory nerves were never free from the disgusting fumes of whisky and beer, and you could see here and there certain business houses with stained windows and screens before the doors, and just in front some blear-eyed, red-nosed old soak, a sample of the kind of work they turned out behind the screens and stained windows.

Again, I was in Topeka a few months ago, a city of no mean proportions, and while I was there the heavens opened and the rains descended for one whole night. It came in torrents, and the streets were flooded with water. After the rain was over I took a stroll through the city, and I did not see a single business house with screens and stained windows, nor did I meet a man that was under the influence of liquor, but I did hear a libulous old Democrat say he would not live in such a town; that he was as dry as a fish and could not get anything to drink. The streets were *wet* but the city was *dry*.

Now, I hope my readers will not think that I am going to write an article full of argument in favor of prohibition. It has been so long since I made a temperance speech or wrote a temperance article that I have forgot how; all I want to do is to simply tell you of "Life in a Dry Country," some of my own experience in a prohibition state.

In the first place, I will say that prohibition in Kansas is a political accident. It is a simple illustration of the divine overreaching himself. Congressional organization of the lower house of the legislature, in 1879, a committee on Temperance was added to the standing committees, as a matter of courtesy toward those asking it, rather than because of any felt need of such a committee as a part of the necessary legislative machinery. A prohibitory law was introduced in the Senate and failed. Bills favoring a prohibitory amendment were introduced in both Houses, but the committee on Temperance, looking the ground all over and counting the odds that were against such a measure, brought forward a bill to rather submit the devil and all to the people without local option to towns and cities. The fight over this measure culminated in the senate, when a member from a whisky stronghold took the floor, and taunted the temperance people with inconsistency, declared his own unwillingness to support measure that could not succeed, and so flagrant a wrong, and finally moved to strike the local option bill from the calendar and substitute one in favor of a prohibitory amendment. In a committee of the Whole his motion carried by one vote, all the temperance men voting against it, but when the committee arose and the resolution came before the senate the vote was unanimous. Immediately the report of the house committee on Temperance became a council chamber, and it was resolved that no stone would be left unturned to get the requisite two-thirds of the house to make the whisky men's amendment a boomerang. The weary knew no rest until this was an accomplished fact.

Then came the election, and on a light vote the amendment carried by about ten thousand majority. The next legislature passed a statute to enforce the amendment, to take effect on the first of May following. The last day in April was Saturday, and that night Kansas saw the biggest drunk in all her history. It was the last opportunity, and they improved it with a vengeance. The next day the saloons were all closed, the state was "dry," and we imagined that the victory was won completely; that the law would be self-enforcing. It was rather the calm before the storm, the lull in the battle before the decisive onslaught. The election in the next three years the fight was hotter than ever it had been during the amendment campaign.

The whisky men made it rather warm for us at times. They burnt two or three churches, but where they burnt one we built two. It was not always pleasant to bring prosecutions. The vilest abuse would be poured upon us were simply terrific. One time I filed information against a man in a little western town. The prosecuting attorney was drunk and having studied law a little I had to avail myself of my knowledge of law. The defendant thought it a joke for a preacher to play lawyer, so he thought he could get along without one, too. It was a stormy trial in a basement before a little English justice of the peace. An Irish priest led the mob, and when the verdict was for the state, they were sure they would hang the preacher, and they did—in effigy. Sometimes the fight would have a funny side.

It once fell to my lot to file a complaint against an Irishman named Patsy Britts, a professional gambler who, physically, was the worst libel on mankind I ever saw. He had a humpback, both eyes were badly cast, worse than the "widow" Butler's of illustrious fame, and his face was also badly pock-marked. He opened a tobacco store with a saloon attachment and did a land office business for two weeks. A long, lank Hibernian came to some of the temperance people and said that he had had a hard time getting one of his neighbors home the night before, and that if we wanted him to, he would get us some evidence. We furnished him some money and that night we were the possessors of a bottle of as villainous "stonefence" as ever was made.

The next week Patsy sat in the prisoner's box at the bar. The information was read, and good Judge David Martin asked: "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Yer honer, if selitn' beer an' whisky is gilty, I giss that I'm after bein' gilty."

"Do you want a lawyer?" asked the judge.

"Faith, sir, what do I want with one of them rascals? He'd only be makin' it cost that much more. What does it come to?"

The judge told him that as it was his first offense, and he plead guilty, he would only fine him on three out of the seven counts in the information, and that with the costs would come to $387.

Patsy walked over to the clerk's desk, pulled out a great roll of bills, and as he counted out the money, said: "Bedad! an' I'd sooner give it to Brother Locke for his meetin' house."

The next day he met me on the street, and reaching out his huge bony hands to shake hands, said: "Faith, Brother Locke, those were foine men you introduced me to in Seneca, but I think that Judge Martin's figers were a leetle stepe."

The next time we got him it cost him $1,350, and the "figers were so stape" he quit the business.

After Governor Martin was inaugurated we began to have things more our own way. No longer are witnesses willing to swear that they do not know whether it was whisky or "cold tea," neither do juries bring in a verdict of not guilty when the evidence is all the other way; the county attorney refused to prosecute whisky cases, but the Supreme court asked him to step down and out. At last the open saloons are all gone. Some of their owners, like my friend, found the "figers a little stape" before they gave up the fight. Popendiek, of Topeka, spent over $100,000, and then went to Omaha. John Walruff, the largest brewer in the state, spent over $30,000, and his brewery is now a shoe factory.

To-day our prohibitory law is as well enforced as any other law on our statute books.

I have been to a soldiers' reunion at a county fair where there were 6,000 people, and not seen a man under the influence of intoxicating liquors, and at a Fourth of July celebration in a community that gave a large majority against the amendment, and could not find a drunk man, and in both cases I hunted for them. These things do not happen in communities where there are open saloons.

Topeka is a city of 40,000 inhabitants, and there is not a saloon in the whole city, while there are less than forty peace officers, sheriffs, marshals, policemen and constables. The equal of that cannot be found anywhere in the United States under a license law.

The number of convictions to the penitentiary in proportion to the number of inhabitants is only 60 per cent of what it was in the days of the saloons. And there are boys of fifteen in the state who never saw a saloon, and hardly a drunken man. Not long since a gentleman who lives in the edge of our town, a county seat, went to the city on some business, and after he came home his 17-year-old son went over to a neighbor's and said: "Pa came home sick yesterday, and has been taking some black medicine out of a round flat bottle all day, and it makes him talk so foolish."

Poor boy, he did not know what a drunken man was like! Some one says: "But very often and a while I read of their raiding a joint, so they must still sell liquor." Granted. But do you expect a law to be self-enforcing? Illinois has had a law against horse stealing ever since it has been a state, but I am informed that fully two-thirds of the inmates in one of her penitentiaries are in there for that crime. Is the law a failure? There has been a law against burglary for centuries, yet all the readers of this article will lock their houses to-night as a measure of security against burglars. Is that law a failure? I have had some experience with license laws, both high and low, and I never saw one that was as well enforced as our prohibitory law is in Kansas. It is a notorious fact that the whisky men are still its bitter enemies, and that no temperance man has ever yet been won over to a desire to return to a license law because prohibition was a failure, while hundreds of the doubting ones have become its staunch advocates.

Of course, the old generation of drunkards will continue to get liquor if possible, but their boys will grow up in an atmosphere that is uncontaminated by the saloons. That most abominable habit of treating is a thing of the past; the saloon as a loafing place is also gone and with it nineteen-twentieths of all drinking and intoxication. Senator Ingalls, who has not been noted as a prohibitionist, in a late article in the *Forum*, says: "The open drinking shop of the public is as extinct as the sale of indulgences. A drunkard is a phenomenon. The barkeeper has joined the troubadour; the crusader, the mound-builder, the brewery, the distillery and the bonded warehouse are known only to the archæologist."

In short, the people of Kansas believe in prohibition from experience, that best of all witnesses; believe in prohibition as they believe in the future of their glorious commonwealth, with all that is in them; and that its principle, like the soul of their first hero, old John Brown, will be marching on when its last enemy will have bitten the dust of defeat.

EDWIN LOCKE.

HELPING THE POOR,

And Especially During the Holiday Season.

The good French king wished to see a fat capon in every poor man's pot. I have often longed to see a bright flower in every poor woman's window. That flower, if tended or neglected, would seem to indicate the inmate's power of growth. If it were little more than a weed, it would still be something to watch, to tend, to think of, and to prize. It would express the mystery and loveliness of the unseen power that willingly deprives no part of its universe of the element of beauty. Man alone can exile himself from beauty, and shut himself up with his depraved and perverted appetites.

A great poet saw in the "meanest flower that blows" "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." The slok child in the tenement will pathetically turn its eyes all day upon the one speck of brightness in the room. If the mother has a lovely flower in the window, will she not be prompted to keep the window near, to attract the e

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1889.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 107,000.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE.

Since the publication of our advertisement of the Blade cook-stove, we have been inundated with letters asking additional information. The stove is a No 8—the ordinary family size. The cut gives a good idea of its appearance. Such a stove usually retails at from $16 to $20. This is a *good* stove, well made, of good material and latest design; very convenient in all its parts; handsomely finished; burns wood or coal. No one need be afraid to order for fear the stove is but a catchpenny affair; THE BLADE can not afford to send out an article not as good as represented. It is as good a stove, in all respects, as you can buy anywhere at retail, for 50 per cent more than we ask for it.

Quite a number have written to ask for o. 9, a size larger than the above stove. We have arranged to do this: We will give a No. 9 stove with THE BLADE one year for $16; or the stove free for 30 yearly subscribers and $30.

The No. 8 stove takes about 16-inch wood; the No. 9, 18-inch wood. No. 8 has an 18-inch oven; No. 9, a 20-inch oven. We furnish no cooking utensils nor pipe with the stove. We will supply a hot-water reservoir for either No. 8 or No. 9 for $6 *additional*. It is on the rear of the stove, directly under the shelf shown in the illustration. For $3 additional we will furnish a tin warming-closet for either sized stove.

Parties ordering stoves should be particular to state whether they wish to use wood or coal, as we send the grates for either, but not for both. If the fuel is not named, we always send a coal burner. Of course, wood can be burned in it, but it is better to have the wood-grate in. If ordered afterward, it will cost 75 cents and the freight.

Don't hesitate to accept our cook-stove offer. You will find it all we have represented it to be.

THEY LIKE THE TEA SET.

We give these specimens of letters from club raisers who have obtained the BLADE tea set as a premium, which we give below for the edification of others:

COULTERVILLE, Ill., Oct. 14.—EDITOR BLADE—Your China tea set was received on the 10th inst., and I w s very much pleased with them. They are not a toy set, but are everything that they were represented to be. Much obliged.—MRS. THOS. ELDERKIN.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Oct. 15.—EDITOR BLADE:—The handsome tea set sent me for the club of fifteen subscribers arrived O. K., and not one of the eighty pieces were broken. I am delighted with the same, and hope to get the cook stove next time.—E. L. BROWN.

NORWOOD, N. Y., Oct. 18.—EDITOR BLADE:—I received my tea set to-day, and it is very satisfactory. It is so delicate and pretty that I feel amply repaid for my labors in behalf of THE BLADE.—MRS. C. B. GALE.

And we exhort the friends of THE BLADE everywhere to go and do likewise. You have no idea how easy it is to raise a club if you set to work in earnest.

THE famous ballot-box bill introduced in Congress by JAMES E. CAMPBELL, was an amazingly radical measure. It is of interest just now, when the Southern Bourbon papers are asseverating that the Republican majority in Congress, under Senator SHERMAN's lead, will favor a national law regulating the election of Congressmen, and thus, as the Richmond *Dispatch* excitedly puts it, "deprive the people of local self-government," to find that CAMPBELL's bill went further than SHERMAN is charged with intent to go. CAMPBELL's bill not only put Congressional, but also Presidential, elections under direct federal control. This is far beyond what the Republicans are charged with desiring. Yet CAMPBELL is a good Democrat! What could have been the motive that induced Mr. CAMPBELL to introduce so sweeping a measure? Was the milk of the cocoa-nut in the section which directed the Attorney General to procure a ballot-box of a certain patent for every election precinct in the United States at such elections?

THE visit of the Czar of Russia to the Emperor WILLIAM at Berlin seems to have, in the eyes of political onlookers in Europe, intensified the belief that there is actual unfriendliness between the two potentates, not only personal but political. A rupture is looked for, and two things occurring during that visit are looked upon as pointing to its probability. The one was BISMARCK'S bold proposition to the Czar to confirm the sovereignty of Prince FERDINAND over Bulgaria, which would be extremely distasteful to Russia. The second was that although the Czar knows the German language well, he employed the French tongue in all the official speeches he had to make—a thing as near an insult, in the state of German feeling, as he could devise. When hostilities come between these two great powers, the map of Europe will be reconstructed, but on what basis none can tell, for the outcome of this struggle of the Titans none can prophesy.

GOV. FORAKER is handling the tariff question in his speeches in a thoroughly practical way. He asks the farmers what were the prices of agricultural implements under free trade and then what are the prices to-day. In every instance it shown that these necessary articles are cheaper now than when free trade ruled. That brings the whole tariff question to the mind of the farmer in a way he can understand and he knows that he must vote the Republican ticket to continue to enjoy the blessings of protection.

THE New York *Tribune* contains the following cordial editorial words of appreciation concerning the Ohio Republicans:

This is certainly not an off year in Ohio, if the activity shown by Republicans is a fair political indication. That veteran campaigner Gov. Foraker is working with unprecedented energy and his efforts are heartily seconded by his party associates. We are glad to note and to commend an effort to form a Republican club in every ward and township in the state. This is work of the most practical sort, and it will tell mightily on election day.

THE London, England *Economist* publishes a letter from its Adelaide, New South Wales, correspondent, which declares "that New South Wales will shortly adopt a protective tariff is admitted even by free traders. Sir HENRY PARKES, the Premier, alone stops the way, for it was due to his personal influence at the last general election that the protectionists did not secure a majority."

THE poor mugwumps, silly tools of the Democracy, seem to have fallen upon evil times, for here comes the New York *World*, remarking with brutal frankness, that the mugwump "has emasculated his usefulness, if he ever had any." Yet the mugwump will go on, meekly voting the Democratic ticket, and claiming a monopoly of all political virtue, as he has ever since 1884.

THE sentiment in favor of a republic is said to be spreading so rapidly in Brazil that is more than possible that DOM PEDRO will be the last royal ruler of that country.

SOME QUESTIONS ON THE THIRD PARTY IN OHIO DISCUSSED.

A short time ago THE BLADE received the following letter from a subscriber in Southern Ohio:

I have been so greatly interested in your editorials on the temperance attitude of the Republican party that I am making it a study, together with the position of the third party. These editorials have greatly assisted me in solving the puzzling question, "Is the third party an advantage or a detriment to the advancement of the cause of Prohibition?"

Iattended a convention of the W. C. T. U. of Brown county, O., recently, and as they are pledged to support the third party, they necessarily had speakers from that party to do their heavy work. In those speeches, abuse of the Republican party, and of Francis Murphy in particular, was so disgustingly predominant that I am compelled to show fight. The leader of the third party in Brown county voiced the position of his party when he declared absolutel y in favor of free whisky as the best and quickest plan to bring about Prohibition!

I am compelled to doubt the honesty of the party leaders when they advocate so squarely the doctrines of Democracy.

I would be pleased if you would, in an editorial, explain the exact position of the third party to the cause of Prohibition, and its attitude and features in the coming state election. I am only one of many of your readers who would like to hear from you on this subject.

The first request of our correspondent is for an explanation of "the exact position of the third party to the cause of Prohibition." There is a distinction to be drawn between the leaders of that party, and a very large portion of the rank and file. The latter sincerely desire Prohibition and honestly—though we believe mistakenly—think that to vote with the third party is the best way of reaching it. But the party must be judged as to its aims by the general trend of its leadership, as set forth by its speakers and organs. All of these devote ten times more attention to abusing the Republican party and its policy than to the presentation of arguments and facts in advocacy of Prohibition. And it has been frankly declared that the destruction of the Republican party is their first aim. Hence the actual plan of operations of the third party is:

First—To destroy the Republican party by doing all they can to defeat it, in the mistaken hope that its voters, after being defeated as Republicans through their efforts, will meekly go over and join the third party, and thus make it a dominant party.

Second—To obtain possession of the offices.

And, lastly, to adopt Prohibition.

THE BLADE is more than ever convinced, by the results of the elections this year, that the third party is the most serious obstacle to the advance of Prohibition in the United States. The effort to build up this party necessarily antagonizes the political prejudices, the party fealty, of those Republicans, and Democrats as well, who are opposed to the domination of the saloon, but who are indisposed to abandon their present political affiliations to join hands with a new political party that bitterly abuses the present parties. Then, too, as THE BLADE has shown on several occasions, by the actual figures, there is only about one of each fifteen voters who believe in Prohibition who is willing to join the third party movement. A comparison of the third-party vote with the vote on Prohibition in the states which have made a test, shows this clearly. All that has been done is to excite bitter animosity in the mass of voters against the third party; and, unfortunately, in the minds of many, the support of Prohibition is confused with the support of the third party, and it suffers a part of the odium which the fierce and unmeasured abuse from the third party leaders has excited in their minds. Not one iota of legislation in favor of Prohibition has ever been accomplished by the third party. Whenever Prohibition has been adopted, either by constitutional amendment or through local option, it has been due to men working for temperance as a moral reform, on non-partisan grounds.

As to the attitude of the third party in Ohio during the present campaign, the only thing it can possibly accomplish—and we doubt if it can do that—is to endanger Republican success. It is a fact—a sad one, we grant, but none the less a fact—that while there is a very large number of voters in Ohio who believe in Prohibition, the cities of the state have a very heavy majority of residents who are opposed to it; and, were it to be enacted to-day in Ohio, it would be a dead letter in all the cities. It would be enforced in the country districts thoroughly; in the cities, not at all, because of the heavy population of foreign birth or descent, with European ideas upon the subject of drinking.

How much of a factor is the third party in Ohio politics at present? At the Presidential election of last year the vote of the state was as follows:

Harrison, Republican	416,054
Cleveland, Democrat	396,453
Fisk, Prohibitionist	24,356
Streeter, Labor	3,496
Scattering	1,580
Total vote	841,941

The third party vote is less than 3 per cent of the entire vote of the state. Thrown for either of the two great parties, it would assuredly give that party the victory, and as the bulk of it came from the Republican ranks, the only thing the third party could possibly accomplish in this campaign, if it can do anything, would be to give the Democratic party a victory, if there should be a relative increase of the Democratic vote. Can any sane man imagine for an instant that the elevation of the Democracy to power in Ohio would advance the cause of temperance? On the contrary, it would be a direct blow at that cause, imperiling what has already been done in that direction. We know the third party leaders are bitterly opposed to the Dow law, and to all liquor legislation yet accomplished; but it does not follow that they are not good things. We know the masses of the people are satisfied with what has been done so far, while not relaxing their efforts toward an advance. The extremists who howl for the third party can not but admit that our legislation is fully abreast of public sentiment in Ohio on the liquor question. The first thing to do, then, is assuredly to labor to advance public sentiment so that further legislation may meet with popular approval. Laws that are in advance of public opinion are impossible of enforcement, as has been demonstrated times without number.

The one great need in Ohio, in aid of the cause of Prohibition, is not the building up of the third party, but the building up of public sentiment in favor of Prohibition as the only radical cure for the evils of intemperance. So long as there is a large class in all the cities—a majority of the voters—which is opposed to Prohibition, there can be no effective legislation to that effect. It is futile to think of it. We need to have these citizens recognize the facts that Rum is a poison, in any and every form; that the saloon is an evil, ruining thousands every year, and keeping thousands more of women and children in poverty and wretchedness; that the money spent in them for Rum is a fearful drain on the resources of the people, only to be prevented by stopping the sale of Rum; that the saloons are the nurseries of drunkenness, the origin of a very large proportion of the vice and crime that afflict the state. In point of fact, the thing we need is to have the people understand this vast question in all its manifold bearings, and to clearly see that there is no way of remedying these evils radically save through Prohibition. This education is what is needed, not an impossible effort to build up a third party. When it is accomplished, it will be easy to adopt and enforce Prohibition, to crush out the saloon, and to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

SENATOR SHERMAN'S SPEECH.

The magnificent Music hall at Cincinnati was packed with enthusiastic citizens on last Saturday night to hear Senator SHERMAN's speech on the Ohio campaign. The Senator was inspired by the occasion and the tremendous throng, and his address was one of the best that ever fell from his lips—strong, logical, clear-cut and convincing. He set the issue of honest elections before his auditors in a clear light, sweeping away the mass of trivial objections to registration and to election boards, made by the Democratic speakers and organs, and set forth clearly that the underlying question was whether we shall continue to have an honest ballot in the cities, or whether we shall consent to sweep away the barriers to fraud, and allow Cincinnati to be turned over to the gang of scoundrels who imprisoned voters to keep them from casting their ballots, "switched" tickets, stuffed ballot-boxes, forged tally-sheets and raised the returns by changing the figures in the totals.

The second issue he referred to was the Senatorship, and on this topic we can not forbear quoting a few telling sentences verbatim:

When you go to the ballot-box to vote on November next, you will vote just as directly for a U. S. Senator, armed with the power of the state of Ohio, in the Senate of the United States, as you will vote for any candidate on your ticket; and on the result of your election will depend whether a Democratic Senator or a Republican Senator exercises that power in that great political body, given by the constitution of the state of Ohio. And now, my countrymen, I say another thing with shame and feeling of degradation, which I will say in regard to Ohio, that whoever may be appointed, there now sits in the Senate of the United States, by my side as my colleague, a gentleman whom personally I like well enough, but whose position as senator was bought with money. [Applause.] No man familiar with the t mes will doubt or deny it. I have made the statement on the stump and I make it here; if you wanted proof I could read you Democratic papers by the score, that this thing occurred. Oh, my countrymen, do you want that thing repeated? [Cries of "No."] Do you want that great office held in trust for you—one-half of your political power—in that way to have that shame not only upon him, but upon the state from which he came? Do you want the office again bartered and sold for money?

Senator SHERMAN also touched on various other matters of minor interest in the pending campaign, and on the tariff issue was as clear and convincing as he always is on that topic, of which he is a master. He closed by referring to Governor FORAKER and the attacks upon him in the following words:

Now, you have a good ticket, as I said, from top to bottom. I need not add anything more with respect to Governor Foraker, who, I believe, ought to be elected, not only because he has been a good soldier, but because he has been a good governor. [Cheers.] Nor do I fear that cry about a third term. How should I fear it when I am an example of a man serving on the sixth term of six years each? [Cheers.] If Foraker has done his duty well for two terms it is a good reason why he would do better the next time. If he made any mistakes in his course he will have a chance to correct them in the future, and I believe he will do so if he has made any; and I don't believe he has. [Great cheering.] As to the balance of the ticket, it is good without exception. Stand by the old colors, the old flag. It has done so well in the past, it can not do you any harm in the future.

The Senator's magnificent effort was a thunderbolt launched into the midst of the enemy's camp. The Democratic campaign is really run from Cincinnati, and the gang are basing all their hopes of carrying the state on a victory in that (Hamilton) county. Whatever hopes they may have cherished are certainly blasted by Mr. SHERMAN'S speech. No honest citizen, after hearing or reading his clear and forcible expose of the influences dominating Ohio Democracy, can cast his ballot for that party. The political tug of war is to be in Hamilton county, and nothing in the campaign there has been of such decided benefit to the cause of honest elections and Republican success as the Senator's speech of Saturday night.

"TEETOTALLER DICK."

Read the announcement elsewhere on this page of Col. KNOX's new story, and then do us the favor to sit down and send us the names and postoffice addresses of your friends and neighbors, not subscribers to THE BLADE, whom you think would like to read the story, or to have their girls and boys read it. You can easily get ten names and addresses on a postal card. Please do it at once, so that we may send them sample copies of THE BLADE, containing the announcement, immediately.

THE fight for the Speakership is being conducted with great earnestness by the different aspirants for the honor, but it is generally believed that Maj. MCKINLEY will be elected. The following interview with a gentleman familiar with the situation, sent by the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *American* to his paper, will be read with interest:

I believe Major McKinley will be elected speaker. Why? Because he is the man the manufacturers want. They know that the tariff will be revised by the coming Congress, and it is only natural and proper that they should feel the deepest interest in the selection of that man to preside over the House in whom they have always recognized the ablest champion of their industries. I have reason to believe that they have discussed the subject, and that they will bring all their pressure to bear upon their respective congressmen. There has been some talk of a formal meeting to be held just before Congress convenes for the purpose of formally endorsing Major McKinley, but I hardly believe that such a meeting will be held.

I don't believe that Major McKinley will be elected on the first ballot in the caucus by any means. On the contrary, I believe that Mr. Reed, of Maine, will poll the biggest vote. But his first vote will, I think, be his strongest, and, unless he goes through with a rush on that ballot, I think his following will at once begin to drop off. There are many Congressmen who are willing to give Mr. Reed their first vote as a well-earned compliment, but who after that will consider themselves at liberty to vote for their preference. I don't believe that the statements to the effect that the New York and Pennsylvania delegations are solid for Mr. Reed are founded on fact. I don't think that either of the delegations are solid for anybody just yet.

SECRETARY NOBLE and ex-Commissioner TANNER have both had their say about the difficulties between them in the administration of the pension office during the time the latter was in charge of that bureau. Now let the matter drop. A new commissioner has been appointed who was a brave soldier, and is thoroughly in accord with the feelings of the Grand Army of the Republic. He has had experience in public affairs, and it is presumed that there will be no conflict between him and the secretary. No good can come from discussing the past unfortunate complication. Both the secretary and Mr. TANNER are credited with honesty of intention, but the public is tired of listening to explanations of the causes which led to a rupture of their relations.

REDUCED to its lowest terms and simplest form, the argument of the free traders for tariff reduction below the line of protection is that we shall import foreign-made goods to largely supply our home market, in order that American manufacturers can ship their goods to foreign countries! On the wool question, they want South American and Australian wool to come in free of duty, and let our home flockmasters ship their wool to England! This is the real doctrine that is preached by the free trade doctrinaires just now.

THERE is said to be a strong feeling among the people of the Hawaiian kingdom in favor of annexation to the United States. There is not much of this sentiment here as yet, but it may grow, and that rapidly, if the subject is widely discussed. In the partitioning of the world among the leading nations which is practically begun, we shall be stupid if we do not dot the globe around with possessions owing allegiance to the banner of the free.

MONTANA is Republican, and the four new states will send eight Republican Senators and five Republican Representatives to Congress at its meeting in December.

RAISE CLUBS!

We are now prepared to offer greater inducements to persons raising clubs than ever before. We not only offer greater inducements than we have ever previously, but one that has a good deal of money for those who will get up clubs. Read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

But better than any of the above is our *cash payment* for a club, as set forth in confidential printed instructions which we mail to any one on application. This offers the largest price ever paid for clubs by any paper in the world, either this year or in years gone by.

We want *thousands* of persons to undertake the work of raising clubs for THE BLADE during this month, November, December and January. It will pay any one to write for our terms.

As an aid in raising clubs, if you will send a list of persons who do not take THE BLADE, we will mail each one a sample copy of the paper containing the first installment of Mr. KNOX's new story, announced elsewhere. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE NEW PENSION COMMISSIONER.

The agony in regard to a new pension commissioner is over. President HARRISON has taken his own time in making a selection, and has appointed Gen. GREEN B. RAUM to be Corporal TANNER's successor. His choice will be generally approved not only by the politicians, but by the members of the Grand Army of the Republic. Gen. RAUM will take to his new office the results of years of experience at the head of the Internal Revenue bureau, where he made a high reputation as a thoroughly impartial and an excellent executive officer. He is a lawyer and will not be led unto the unfortunate mistakes of his predecessor. His Republicanism is of the stalwart type, and yet he will not be betrayed into an undue exhibition of partisanship. His military record commands the respect of every ex-Union soldier, and he has been an active member of the Grand Army.

Since he was removed from the commissionership of Internal Revenue by Mr. CLEVELAND, Gen. RAUM has practiced his profession in Washington, though he has participated actively in every political campaign, and is a magnetic and effective speaker. He is a man of unimpeachable integrity, of lofty patriotism and excellent business capacity and he may be expected to manage the affairs of the pension office with perfect fairness, both to the pensioners and the government. The laws will be intelligently administered and with strict impartiality.

THERE is a vast difference between the last administration of the affairs of the Treasury department and the present. When ex-Secretary FAIRCHILD went out of office $65,000,000 of government funds was loaned to the banks without interest. Since Secretary WINDOM has been purchasing bonds that sum has been reduced to $40,000,000, and it will probably be not over $25,000,000 by the time Congress meets. Secretary FAIRCHILD's policy was to nurse the surplus in order that an excuse might be found for attacking the industries of the country under the plea of tariff reform. Secretary WINDOM, in purchasing bonds, puts money into circulation and stops the payment of interest, thereby making a great saving to the government.

IT is noticed that some of the Democratic organs published in strong protection counties in this state, touch the tariff issue very gingerly, and say that it has very little to do with this campaign. As a matter of fact it has a very important bearing on the result. The Dayton convention made practical free trade the leading issue, and all who vote the Democratic ticket will be committed to that policy, protectionist Democrats should remember that and should also bear in mind that the legislature to be elected will choose a United States Senator who will have to vote on the tariff question. That Senator should be a protectionist because Ohio is a protectionist state, and he can't be a protectionist if chosen by men elected on the Dayton platform.

SWITZERLAND has a feature of her governmental system, called the "referendum," which, in certain cases, refers measures passed by her national legislature to a direct vote of the people. We have a modification of this in our state governments, in the provision for referring the question of amendments to the state constitution to the popular vote, and also in our national constitution, amendments to which must be passed upon by the legislatures of the several states. In England the matter of adopting a "referendum" for all Parliamentary measures which would change the British constitution is now being agitated.

THE decent Democrats of Baltimore are joining hands with the Republicans in their effort to down the abominable Gorman ring, which dominates that city in a most tyrannical manner. A municipal ticket has been put in the field, composed of Republicans and independent Democrats, and they are working hard to overthrow the ring. The Bourbon vote in Maryland is growing beautifully less, as will be seen by these figures:

1885, Democratic plurality	30,000
1887, " "	12,000
1888, " "	6,000

At this rate it will not be long until Maryland is a Republican state.

SENATOR SHERMAN throws a strong sidelight on Democratic demagogism in Ohio when he recalls the fact that in 1883 they denounced him furiously for voting for the tariff bill of that year because it reduced the wool duty from 12 cents to 10 cents per pound, while they are now favoring a total abolition of the wool duty. The prophetic words of the patriarch JACOB to his eldest-born REUBEN, fits the Ohio Democrats: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

THE Democrats can not carry either New York or New Jersey except the third-party Prohibitionists help them by voting a separate ticket. And the Democracy in both these states is controlled by the Rum Power. Verily, the third-party men think more of their party than of the welfare of the temperance cause.

THE total vote of France at the recent election was 7,309,639. This is a larger vote in proportion to the total population than that cast for President in the United States in November, 1888, which was 11,388,000. The suppressed Southern vote was the chief factor in this difference.

WITH iron advancing, and the mills running full time, the falsity of the gloomy predictions of the free traders last year is completely demonstrated

THE REAL OBJECTIVE POINT.

The Ohio Democratic managers have abandoned the idea that CAMPBELL can be elected. Probably they entertained it early in the campaign, basing their hopes on an expected Republican defection from Governor FORAKER; but the latter has not materialized, and the progress of events shows that the effort to defeat the Governor is hopeless.

Their attention is now turned to the effort to control the next General Assembly. The Democratic strength is to be cast for the senatorial and representative candidates, and CAMPBELL is to be traded right and left for votes that will count in this direction.

Later in the campaign—a few days before election—the boodle will be distributed, and every vote that money can influence will be captured for the Democratic legislative candidates, especially in the close counties and districts.

It is plain that the noise that is making over CAMPBELL is intended simply as a screen for the real work of capturing the legislature. The purposes and aims of the managers of the Ohio Democracy can only be carried out through the General Assembly. To elect CAMPBELL and lose that body would be an utterly barren victory, for nothing could be done by him to further their ends. These ends may be enumerated as follows:

To retain control of the one Ohio seat in the United States Senate now occupied by HENRY P. PAYNE;

To redistrict the state, and so rearrange the Congressional districts, that a majority, if possible, of the Ohio delegation shall be Democratic;

To so modify the registration and election laws that they will be powerless to prevent fraud at the polls, tally-sheet forgeries, and other scoundrelly methods of nullifying the will of the people.

It therefore behooves every Republican to be vigilant, and to do his whole duty in seeing that there is a full registration and a full vote. Ohio is safely Republican if her voters turn out. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and in Ohio it is the price of Republican ascendency.

A LOOK AHEAD.

There is not much comfort for the Democracy in the election returns from the new states of the Northwest, nor has the prospect for a Democratic victory in the national contest of 1892 been brightened thereby. These four states have 13 electoral votes, and but one of them—Montana—has been carried by the Democrats, but by a very narrow majority for governor, while the Republicans elected their candidate for United States Representative. Her three electoral votes are fairly doubtful, while the other three states add 10 to the Republican electoral ticket.

The next electoral college will contain 414 electoral votes. If the present Congressional basis should be continued, and 208 votes will be necessary to elect. There are four doubtful states—which, with their electoral votes, are given below:

New York	36
Connecticut	6
Indiana	15
Montana	3
Total	60

The sure Republican states will cast 192 electoral votes. The sure Democratic states will cast 162 electoral votes. The Republicans must gain 16 votes from these doubtful states to win; the Democrats need 46 electoral votes. Hence the latter must carry not only New York in 1892 to elect their candidate, but obtain 10 more electoral votes from the other doubtful states. The Republicans, on the other hand, can win with Indiana and Montana, or Indiana and Connecticut, even if New York goes Democratic.

But it is an admitted fact that the new apportionment of Representatives in Congress, to be made after the census of 1890 is taken, will make the Republican states relatively stronger than they are now, as the greatest increase in population has been made in these states. Therefore, the Republican party's chances are better for the next national contest than the above showing indicates. The only hope of the Democrats in 1892 appears to be in wresting some of the states now securely Republican from their opponents—and the chances of such an event, to put it mildly, are less than one in a million.

THERE are Democrats who declare that their party is not in favor of free trade, and in Ohio during this campaign the same idea is being impressed on the farmers by certain Democratic stumpers. But HENRY WATTERSON, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, who was chairman of the platform committee of last year's Democratic national convention, declared:

The Democratic party is a free trade party or it is nothing. The conflict between free trade and protection is irrepressible and must be fought out to the bitter end.

And Senator VEST, of Missouri, another Democratic leader, said last year:

The Democratic party challenges the protected interests of the country to a fight of extermination.

President ELIOT, of Harvard, a pronounced free trader, asserts that a man who holds his views on this subject must join the Democratic party. The evidence is too strong that the Democratic party means free trade to be successfully disproved.

GROVER CLEVELAND'S latest speech is meeting with a good deal of plain criticism. In his eulogy of the late SUNSET COX, the ex-President took occasion to say that the condition of the times is such that the appearance of an honest and faithful man in politics is a wonder and a matter for special congratulation. This is not so, and Mr. CLEVELAND knows it. The majority of our public men are honest and faithful, and the dishonest and unfaithful men in official position are the exceptions. Mr. CLEVELAND is evidently determined to keep up the cant about political life that he indulged in during the early part of his administration, the insincerity of which was fully shown by his course in the closing months of his official term. He is evidently bidding for future mugwump support.

IT is a favorite free trade argument that, as our manufacturers have to "pay more for raw material, etc.," than their foreign competitors, it is impossible that they shall be able to compete with the latter in "the markets of the world." This argument is a favorite one of the students of maxims instead of markets. But the cold facts disprove the glittering theory. Our exports of iron and steel, for instance, are largely increasing. During the first seven months of this year we sold abroad nearly $13,000,000 worth of iron and steel, an increase of $2,000,000 worth over the sales for the corresponding period of 1888. Somehow free trade theories don't agree with the stubborn facts of trade.

A COMMITTEE, of which Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL is chairman, has issued a call for a national silver convention to be held in St. on the 26th of November next. The object of the convention is to urge upon congress the necessity of restoring silver "to its ancient use as money, by giving it free coinage." If that can not be accomplished, however, the effort will be made to have the maximum amount of four million dollars' worth of bullion coined per month, according to the act of February 28, 1878. How many governors of states will appoint delegates to this convention as requested in the call remains to be seen. The returns have not yet begun to come in.

GOV. HILL, of New York, gave GROVER CLEVELAND a venomous stab in the back in his speech at Atlanta, when he remarked that he had not brought his encyclopedia with him.

A DEMOCRATIC ELECTION LAW.

The present registration and election law in the cities of Ohio fills the breasts of our Democratic brethren with anguish and woe. They assume that any reasonable precaution against illegal voting and fraud in the count or returns is a blow at the liberty of the citizen. We are inclined to the opinion that their indignation is largely pretense. We find in the Columbus *Journal* a letter from an Ohio man in Chattanooga, which gives some interesting details of the election law in Tennessee, originated by a Democrat and passed by a Democratic legislature, which makes exceedingly pertinent reading for Ohio voters just at this time:

We had an election on the 5th and the Democrats are filled with dismay. Chattanooga is always reliably Republican. The Democrats say it is because of the "dam nigger," so the last legislature passed what is known as the Dortch law to prevent the "illiterate blacks" from voting, though it was never so much as hinted that there was any corruption at our former elections. The only reason under the sun that could have induced the enacting of such a law was to give Chattanooga over to the minority Democratic party. So it did—not; and thus they showed their holy love for a free and unhampered ballot!

Talk about your registration laws and election boards in Ohio! Why, they are liberty turned loose in comparison to our board and laws. Here every voter must be able to read not only a ballot with all the names of all the candidates, but he must make his selection according to certain rules given to him at the time he enters a booth to vote. From the list he must select his candidates, and place opposite the names an X mark. If a ballot has too many candidates voted for, that ballot is void. If a voter, in marking his ballot, makes a mistake in three of them, he must retire without voting at that time. To do all this reading and selecting of candidates, our liberty-promoting Democratic law allows only five minutes, provided others are waiting to use the booth, and never longer than ten minutes under any circumstances.

How do the Democrats of Ohio like this? In Republican Chattanooga the board of elections is Democratic and appointed by the governor. Non-partisan with a vengeance, isn't it? The Dortch law struck at the imagined "illiterate blacks," and hit a great many illiterate whites in the Democratic party.

In point of fact, all the howl about the Ohio law is not going to give the Democrats any votes. The citizens of Ohio, outside of the cities affected by the law, are satisfied that it gives honest elections in those cities, and that their own votes are not neutralized by fraudulent ballots and forged returns therein. And in the cities themselves you cannot find an honest, liberal minded citizen who does not in his heart approve the law. The only fellows who are opposed to it are the scalawags and scoundrels who want the opportunity for fraud for the boodle that is in it; and they are all in the Democratic party, anyhow. Hence it is plain that all the tow-row kicked up by CAMPBELL and the gang will not meet with any response at the polls.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

With Mr. D. R. LOCKE's splendid story, "The Demagogue," now running; with Prof. EBERS's Biblical story of "Joshua," just begun; and with Mr. KNOX's "Teetotaller Dick" in anticipation, not one subscriber whose time expires this fall should fail to renew. At the low price of only a dollar for so good a paper as THE BLADE, it is a sin to let it stop. On the contrary, every one should not only renew his subscription, but should send one or more new subscribers at the same time.

MUGWUMPERY NOT NEEDED.

President ELIOT, of Harvard university, who is an out-and-out free trader, and has been accused of mugwumpery, now rises to remark that a mugwump has no excuse for being. His words are well worth considering:

I think that a conscientious citizen should choose between the two great political parties of the country, and should habitually act with the one which best promotes the principles which he holds. The position of the man who hangs between the two and votes now with one party and now with the other seems to me very unsatisfactory, unless it is avowedly temporary and provisional. * * * Now, between the Republican policy as regards the national taxes and the Democratic policy, there is a clear choice, the two parties being sharply divided upon this subject, and every man who holds my opinion with regard do protective taxes must in good conscience join the Democratic party.

Here is sound sense. We regret that President ELIOT is a free trader, but as he is, he is perfectly correct in flocking with the Democracy. And he is perfectly accurate in saying that every conscientious citizen should act with one or the other of the two great parties. It is the only way in which there is any chance for progress. Men differ in their individual political ideas, and it is rare to find two thoughtful men, in either great party, who agree fully and entirely with each other at every point; yet they work together in the same organization, because it more nearly represents their ideas and convictions than the opposition. And to separate as a third party nullifies all possibility of effective work, and deprives their own party of the benefit of their advanced ideas. The true principle is to work with the party which more nearly represents your own views, and endeavor to reform it from the inside where you think it needs reforming, instead of trying to build up a little party of your own.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere*.

DURING the past year there has been a steady, though quiet change going on in the character as well as the total of the circulating medium in the United States. The amount in circulation has increased $20,677,720 within a year—the total circulation on October 1, 1888, was $1,384,340,280, and on October 1, 1889, was $1,405,018,000. The change in its character is in the increased volume of silver certificates—the total amount of these in circulation now being $276,619,715, which is $58,058,114 greater than a year ago. The amount of gold certificates has decreased from $134,838,190 in October, 1888, to 116,675,349 on the first of the present month. The circulation of gold coin is now $375,947,715, which is $1,382,149 less than it was a year ago. The standard silver dollars in circulation amount to $57,554,100—about half a million less than a year ago; and the minor silver circulation is now $52,931,352, which is nearly a million dollars greater than it was on October 1 of last year. The reduction of national bank note circulation for the year is $37,799,225.

THE WEST VIRGINIA gubernatorial fight is not ended yet. The committee that has been investigating the election will soon submit two reports to the acting governor. One will elect FLEMING, Democrat, by 215 plurality, and the other will show the election of Gen. GOFF, Republican, by 100 plurality. The Democrats on the committee threw out enough votes from those which had been legally cast to elect Fleming, but the Republicans claim that this going behind the legally determined count is revolutionary. The contest does not seem any nearer a settlement than it was nearly a year ago, and in the meantime the hold-over Democratic governor continues to exercise executive functions.

WHILE Montana has not woman suffrage, in the sense of allowing them to vote for candidates at elections, a clause in her new constitution gives women who are tax-payers the right to vote on all questions submitted to the tax-payers of the state, or any political division thereof.

THE New Yorkers are advocating the coinage of half-cents. If Congress authorizes it, there will be a large diminution in church collections. The people who now drop in cents will compromise in a half-cent then.

ON DECEMBER 5.

COL. KNOX'S NEW STORY TO BEGIN.

Read the Announcement, and Rush in Names for Sample Copies.

Very truly Yours
Thos. W. Knox

In the issue of the Weekly BLADE for December 5 we will begin the publication of a new and exceedingly interesting serial, written expressly for the columns of THE BLADE, entitled:

TEETOTALLER DICK;

His Adventures, Temptations and Triumphs.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS," "CAMP FIRE AND COTTON FIELDS," "UNDERGROUND," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," ETC., ETC.

The story is the life history of a boy, born amid the hills of New England. The progress of the tale carries him to New York, the metropolis of the United States, and afterwards across the Atlantic on one of the great "ocean greyhounds" to Liverpool, and thence to London; afterward to France, and thence to Turkey. Hence there is, as will be seen, much of travel and adventure in the story—features that will make it specially interesting to the young, while not detracting from the pleasure and profit with which it will be read by their elders.

There is a temperance thread running through the entire serial—not in dry sections of didactic literature, but incidentally brought in as part of the story itself. Among the facts which every one should know in this connection, especially our boys, and which will be told during the progress of "Teetotaller Dick," are the following:

The effects of Rum-drinking upon the physical system of the drinker;

The moral deterioration which is the inevitable concomitant of the drink habit;

The evil effects of beer-drinking, which is by so many people presumed to be harmless—a feature that we are very glad to bring to the attention of our readers, because THE BLADE was the first secular newspaper in the United States to begin a crusade against beer, and thereby incurred the bitter enmity of the whole brewing interest of this country;

The drinking habits of the people of Great Britain, especially in London;

How the French indulge in intoxicants;

The "cold water Turks"—for the law of Mohammed, as laid down in the Koran, strictly prohibits the use of wine to his disciples;

The relations of life insurance to the drink habit;

And, besides these, the story itself, even if divested of all the features enumerated above, is well worthy of being read by every person, young and old. It is a crisp, sparkling narrative, interesting in plot and motive, full of life and movement, and every person who reads the opening chapters will be anxious to continue the perusal of the successive instalments, week by week, as they appear.

We especially call upon all careful parents to see that their children read "Teetotaller Dick." It is a strong, pure story, the life, history of a brave and true lad, whose career is a worthy example to set before the young. There is no unhealthy sentimentality of any kind in

IN OLD GERMAN TOWNS.

Experiences During a Nine Weeks' Vacation in Northern Germany.

BY ROBINSON LOCKE.

THE boys of Hamburg would envy their little American brethren if they knew what an infinite variety of out-of-door games they played. Base ball is unknown in Germany; foot-ball I have never seen indulged in, and marbles have no attractions. The German boys do fly kites, however, and fly them well. On the commons, near the Exposition grounds, you will see on a pleasant evening, hundreds of boys flying all kinds of kites, from little things that flutter a few feet from earth, to great solemn looking fellows that soar proudly among the clouds. Some are home-made and others, notably those representing birds, are bought at the toy shops. As a general thing, however, it is found that the home-made ones are more serviceable and attain the highest altitudes. This sport is not confined exclusively to the boys by any manner of means. The old folks take great interest in the kite-flying contests, and it is not an unusual sight to see the grey-haired father giving points to the youngsters, as to the proper management of their kites.

While the fond papas take great interest in the sports of their youngsters, they have a way of enjoying themselves too, as will be seen by the accompanying picture, showing some solid Hamburgers indulging in a game of ten pins in the open air. The artist has faithfully caught the spirit of the scene, the accuracy of which will be appreciated by those who have been fortunate enough to see one of these interesting tests of skill.

HOW THE FATHERS FIND AMUSEMENT.

Although the German boy knows comparatively little about out-of-door sports as practiced in America, he is far ahead of his American companion in many other equally pleasant and far more profitable pastimes. Every German boy has apparently an inborn desire to be a naturalist. At any rate, the mania for collecting butterflies and eggs, and rare animals and strange plants, manifests itself in the German boy about the time the American boy first dips into the mysteries of playing marbles. These embryo naturalists are easily distinguished, for they always carry a little green box slung by a strap over the right shoulder. The box is perhaps ten inches long and three deep, and is half round. There is an easy opening-lid on the top so that specimens can be put in without trouble or delay. In the parks, or in the woods and fields about the city you see any number of lads ranging from nine years up, each carrying his green tin box, and almost always equipped with a long net on the end of a light stick, for the purpose of catching butterflies that please his fancy. Thus these boys spend whole days in the open air, and at night or on rainy days when they can't go out, they carefully sort and classify their plunder and thus acquire in an easy and pleasant way, a knowledge of natural history, botany, etc., that lays the foundation for a broader and more extended course of study as they grow older.

We had started one morning from our hotel on the Alster basin in Hamburg, for a day at Uhlenhorst, a suburb of the city, at the end of the outer basin. As we stood near the Fine Art Hall awaiting a car, there arose a sound of childish voices, and in another instant there swung around the corner a great 'bus drawn by four speedy horses. The 'bus was filled with young-

IN THE GARDEN AT UHLENHORST.

sters, boys and girls, all of whom were singing some rollicking song as the steeds pranced through the crowded streets. The outside of the 'bus was trimmed with ferns and evergreens, and inside the little boys and girls were dressed in their Sunday best and were decorated with bouquets and tiny flags. As one gay load passed, another came in sight, and still another, until six jolly parties rattled by, all on pleasure bent in a day spent out in the wood. They were accompanied by teachers who seemed as happy as their charges, and it is needless, perhaps, to say that the green tin box was carried by nine of every ten of the children.

We were so carried away at the quaint costume of these school children and their happy songs that we missed two street cars, but boarding the third we were soon whirling along to the residence portion of Hamburg. When I say the residence part of the city I do not mean that in Hamburg, as in American cities, business is concentrated in one part of the town and residences in another. I mean, rather, that the neighborhood of Uhlenhorst is more given up to residence than to business blocks, although in one of the finest streets in that quarter fine stone residences, elaborate with carved stone pillars, balconies and massive window caps, were given over to shops in the two lower stories.

Over in the old part of the town there is a very queer mixture. In some instances business is carried on on the ground floor by a family who live in the basement, and as the streets are so closely built up it oftentimes happens that the front window of this basement dwelling looks up through a grating in the narrow sidewalk. In the more important parts of town it is a matter of very frequent occurrence, in fact it is oftener the case than not, that business offices occupy the front of the house, while the living rooms are in the back part.

Take for instance Ferdinand strasse. On the left, going out, there are long blocks of solid stone houses three and four stories high, some of them architecturally attractive to the eye. As you walk along the narrow sidewalk you read the neat, highly polished brass signs, informing you that Messrs. Johan Berenberg, Gossler and company are bankers; or that the Brothers Feldberg, Minte, Harten & Co. are dry goods brokers; or that Ehrlenbacher, Werner & Grunewald are wholesalers of this, that and the other. Only the little signs indicate the business. There are no great staring advertisements covering half the front of the house and announcing in gilt letters a foot long the great inducements this, that or the other firm can offer in their special line of trade. The firm's name is given in a modest manner on a little brass plate nailed at the side of the door, about in this style:

> Joh. Berenberg Gossler & Co.,
>
> Bankers.

Along the whole street you will not see anything more extensive than this, and the dark stone fronts reveal no sign of the enormous amount of business done there every day in the year, Sundays excepted. The German business man drops his work more completely and entirely on Saturday night than does his American fellow-worker. When the day's work is done it is done and that is the end of it till the next Monday morning. Sunday is the day of rest and recreation, and no man can rest and recreate when he is carrying all the details of his business in his head.

But to come back to the combination residences and business houses. We have surveyed the business front from Ferdinand strasse. Now let us walk down Brandsend, a short little street back to the Alsterdam, the long, wide thoroughfare that forms one side of the Alster basin.

Here you have on one side a high stone wall, over the top of which stately trees bend in the breeze from off the basin, while overtopping their graceful branches you see the upper stories of the houses, which, fronting on Ferdinand street are used for the offices of the great mercantile firms. But on this side it is different. Here is a gate in the stone wall. Peer through its fancifully wrought iron bars and you behold a long, smooth, well kept lawn, in the center of which a beautiful marble statue stands in a fountain of playing water. Around the white marble circle that forms the fountain's basin, are beds of flowers arranged in the most artistic manner. Near by are great urns of costly ware filled with flowering plants. Over there in the corner half hidden by the low drooping trees is a rustic summer house, in front of which is suspended a gay colored awning to ward off the rays of the too fierce sun. Everything in and about this lovely garden betokens wealth, refinement and a thorough appreciation of the pleasures that money can bring.

This side of the house as viewed through the palings of the gate with the magnificent lawn as a charming foreground is entirely different from that seen on the other or the Ferdinand street side. There everything was dull, sombre and grimly business like. Here everything is bright, cheerful and richly homelike. A broad flight of wide stone steps leads gradually up from the garden to a porch that reaches clear across the back of the building. The porch is entirely enclosed with glass up the second story of the house, and see, there is a table all set with snowy cloth whereon the afternoon coffee is to be served. Great easy chairs are there, and a bright bit of fancy work shows that the ladies of this happy household are wont to spend many an hour on this glass enclosed porch, all around the interior of which are seen climbing vines and rare flowers potted in urns and vases of almost priceless value.

Glancing upward over the top of the porch the lace curtains that ornament the high, narrow windows are parted enough to show the rich coloring of the walls. There gleams the white outline of a statue, and here the golden frame of a picture. 'Tis an unsatisfactory glance, to be sure, but it is enough to give one an idea of the beauty of these homes in the same building with the business offices.

All along the Alsterdam are these palatial residences looking out over their beautiful lawns to the busy traffic of the street, beyond which the Inner Aister basin sparkles in the bright sunlight, flanked on the right by the tree-enwreathed Lombardsbrucke and on the left by the glittering Jungfernstieg, with its imposing buildings; while straight across, beyond the swans and the sailboats and the saucy tugs, the Esplanade with its rows of sightly trees makes a fitting background to this marvelous picture of natural beauty in the very heart of a great commercial city.

Strange how one wanders about in this glorious old town. Here I started out to describe the beauties of Uhlenhorst and find that the delights of other parts of the city have taken so much space that I must put off Uhlenhorst until another time. I can give, however, a small picture made at this favorite spot, an extended sketch of which will be reserved for another letter.

WELL-KNOWN WOMEN.

Amelia Rives-Chanler is going to spend a month in Spain this winter.

The wife of the late S. S. Cox was his inseparable companion; she shared all his plans and made his life her own. Mr. and Mrs. Cox were not only a devoted couple but she was like a partner to him in his business, sharing his confidence in everything. Mr. Cox has left the MS. of an unfinished book, which he intended to be his life work. He wrote the most of it at his desk in Congress, where the scene is laid.

Mrs. Hallam Tennyson, the daughter-in-law of the poet, lives with her husband's family, and has entire charge of the dairy connected with the poet's estate on the Isle of Wight. The milk and butter of this dairy are in great demand, and bring a high price. It is a coincidence that the son-in-law of our laureate, James Russell Lowell, has a famous dairy at Southborough, Mass., and the butter of Deerfoot farm is as well known in the New York as in the Boston markets.

It is time now for our Anglomaniacal young ladies to organize cricket clubs, as they have been popular as well as fashionable in England for some time past. One of the leading English lady cricketers is Lady Idina Brassey, wife of the Hon. Thomas Brassey, who, as well as bride-maids, wore the colors of her cricket club at her recent wedding. Lady Idina is famous for her runs, while her sister, Lady H. Neville, is a champion bowler. Nearly every county in England has its lady eleven.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXX

THE LAST OF JEFF. DAVIS.

Published by request.

Oh, may that cuss, Jeff. Davis, float,
Halle—Hallelujah!
On stormy sea in open boat,
In Iceland's cold without a coat;
Glory, Hallelujah!

No rudder, compass, sail, or oar,
Halle—Hallelujah!
A million miles away from shore,
Where myriad briny monsters roar;
Glory, Hallelujah!

May sharks devour him, stem and stern,
Halle—Hallelujah!
A whale then gulp him down in turn,
And the devil get the whole concern;
Glory, Hallelujah!

Oh, plunge the cuss'd secession swell,
Halle—Hallelujah!
In darkest pit of deepest hell,
To gnash his teeth and roar and yell;
Glory, Hallelujah!

In burning brimstone may he be,
Halle—Hallelujah!
Whil'st little devils dance in glee,
And lock the door and lose the key;
Glory, Hallelujah!

Good Devil, see you claim him well,
Halle—Hallelujah!
In torture worse than tongue can tell,
In hottest fire of blazing hell;
Glory, Hallelujah!

And 'mid his roars and frantic cries,
Halle—Hallelujah!
O, make eternal ashes rise,
And blow forever in his eyes;
Glory, Hallelujah!

O, cuss each blasted rebel knave,
Halle—Hallelujah!
On no account Jeff. Davis save,
That hell-deserving scoundrel slave;
Amen, Hallelujah!

A RHYME OF THE NAVY.

J. N. MATTHEWS.

It was a bright March evening, in the year Sixty-two,
The ocean monster Merrimac off Craney Island drew,
Full freighted with her forty guns, the monarch of the seas,
With Rebel soldiers on her deck, and banners on the breeze.

She was the staunchest ship of war that ever put from shore.
'Tis said her like was never launched upon the seas before;
And at each side an iron-clad, the Jamestown and the York,
Prepared to make of Yankee sloops a supper for the shark.

And straight to Newport News they bore, fast plowing thro' the spray,
To where our little Cumberland lay rocking on the bay;
And where the crippled Congress, too, as yet unused to wars,
At anchor swung upon the tide, beneath the Stripes and Stars.

As darkness fell on Hampton Roads, that long remembered night,
No choice was left our Yankee tars but strike their flag, or fight;
No shadow of a hope to cheer, no Providence to save,
They could but make a gallant stand, and gain a glorious grave.

From Fort Monroe a cry went up of strong men in despair,
They saw the doomed ship's streamers wave, but could not reach them there;
They saw the triple monsters near, with dark insatiate brow,
And treason floating at the mast, and death upon the prow.

Each pivot-gun was in its place, each blue coat at his post,
And still the Merrimac drove on, as noiseless as a ghost;
On board the Cumberland no word escaped a soldier's lip,
But every man resolved to die ere he'd desert the ship.

And now the heavy Armstrongs are groaning o'er the deep,
And shrieking storms of solid shot from hidden engines leap;
At once, and with an awful crash of thunder-stricken walls,
Before the traitor's plunging prow the Union frigate falls.

Her shattered hull is settling fast beneath the dusky sea,
With fifty gunners on her deck, too proud to bend the knee;
And lo! from heaps of mangled men some reel with death-dim eye,
And stagger fiercely to their guns an instant but to die.

Thro' all the thunder of the fray was gallant Morris heard,
To left and right among the crew, who kindled at his word;
I trow no mortal man e'er fought more truly brave than they,
And nobly did they face their doom upon that bloody bay.

And still our starry banner swung sublimely at the mast,
And when the blessed ship went down it fluttered to the last;
And as the morrow's sun arose upon the red sea sand,
Its ragged folds were floating still above the Cumberland.

And what a Sabbath morn was that, and who can tell the woe
That beat within our soldiers' breasts, like billows to and fro?
Full well they knew another hour would turn the tide of war,
And many a brother man would fall, in the cause he battled for.

And now the floating fort again comes driving up the sea,
Round Tanner's Point and Craney Isle, with spirits light and free,
And pleasure boats are at the stern, with lords and ladies gay,
To see their Southern kraken sweep our sloops of war away.

Thence onward up the Chesapeake, with naught to stay her power,
She'll sink her flukes at Washington, before another hour,
And thro' the National Capital will howl the dogs of war,
And Philadelphia, too, must fall, New York and Baltimore.

But see! what tiny thing is that, far northward on the brine,
No larger than a grain of sand, or purple drop of wine?
What means that shouting up and down the old Virginia shore,
And why do those old harbors ring, as they never rang before?

Go back! go back! oh, Merrimac! the Lord is on the sea,
'Twas He that put yon boat afloat, and you must let her be;
Death rides upon a gigantic on her tower, and warns you to return,
Now speed you back, proud Merrimac, or a bloody lesson learn.

Undaunted, free, the ocean-waif comes dancing down the tide,
With Freedom's passport on her prow, and a jolly crew inside;
And when full into view she hove, the Rebels roared and laughed,
And swore it was a "Yankee cheese," upon a "Yankee raft."

They scarcely deemed her worth a shot, so short, so weak, and small,
Two port holes in a turning tub, a flag—and that was all.
But see! upon the traitor fierce, she rushes swift and bold,
Like David on Goliath, in the holy war of old.

Now clouds of flashing fire and smoke around the foemen wrap,
And deep amidst the tempest, wild the cannon thunders clap,
While crashing round the ships like hail, the iron bullets shower,
Great God our gallant soldiers' shield in this terrific hour.

But hark! Above the battle din breaks forth a joyous peal.
The baby "Monitor" has crushed the Rebel's ribs of steel;
She staggers, stricken to the heart, as a lightning-shattered tree,
And drags her shameless, bleeding hulk, forever off the sea.

Now lift your voices, every one, and fling your banners out,
On every sunny hill and plain, let "Freedom" be the shout;
Huzza for noble Ericsson, and gallant Worden, too,
And glory to the "Monitor," and its heroic crew.

Of all the tales of naval strife that mortal yet has read,
There is not one compares with that at Hampton Roads, 'tis said;
And as the tide of time flows on, the story'll still be told,
How the boasted "Merrimac" went down in the Civil War of old.

Mason, Ill.

BITS FOR DINERS.

Dainty food is wasted on the glutton.

Sermons should end with the dinner bell.

All minds are not built alike—nor all stomachs.

Virtues need a double breastplate when they battle with hunger.

Temperance maketh a light heart and a heavy purse.

A good dinner trains us better than a long sermon to forget wrongs and forgive enemies.

The doctor follows close on the heels of the ignorant cook.

It is not unrequited love that we hold for the oyster.

To eat without enjoying what we eat is a waste of time and material.—*Table Talk.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

TRUE STORY OF WHITTIER'S POEM.

Not an Old Woman, But a Young One—The Blade the First to Give the True Story.

Toledo Daily Blade, Oct. 19.

"J. T. Hanchett, Mt. Morris, Michigan."

The simple scribble across the face of the Burnett house blotter would not be likely to attract the attention of the average Toledoan, and yet connected with it is a history as interesting and romantic as many that have been the theme of poet and painter. Had its owner never been born, or being born, had not responded to the call of his country when rebellion's red hand was upraised against the country's flag, Whittier's beautiful poem, "Barbara Frietchie," would probably never have been written.

Who has not read the stirring lines beginning:

> Up from the meadows rich with corn,
> Clear in the cool September morn',
> The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
> Greenwalled by the hills of Maryland.

John T. Hanchett was born at Medina, O., and at the age of 21, enlisted in the gallant 8th regiment, O. V. I., on June 6, 1861. During a target practice at Fort Dennison his shoulder was knocked out of joint but although thus disabled he continued to march and fight as duty called upon him. Accosting Gen. C. L. Young on the subject, he said to a BLADE reporter:

"Everybody has heard of Barbara Frietchie and the rebel march through Frederick town, how she waved her federal flag and was protected from harm by a confederate colonel; but few, however, know how near she came to being shot by a drunken Union soldier, when the United States forces followed later on. Barbara was again, with overflowing, patriotic heart, waving her little flag, which this soldier supposed was a rebel color, when he quickly raised his musket to fire, but was prevented by J. T. Hanchett, Co. H, of the 8th Ohio infantry, who then approached and held quite a conversation with Barbara. She related to him how proudly she flaunted her loyal banner in the faces of the rebel hosts. The lady was young instead of old, as Whittier has it in his immortal poem. Private Hanchett was in Toledo September 18, with the 8th Ohio at its annual reunion, at Memorial hall. The incident is based upon absolute facts, and though it has been disputed whether her real name was Frietchie, this or her age are immaterial, for the incident is abundantly verified and even far more dramatic than the story of the poem."

At the recent re-union of the Eighth Ohio, Private Hanchett was interviewed regarding the incident. He was not inclined to talk at first, but finally was prevailed upon and said:

"Whittier was mistaken when he said Barbara Frietchie was old. You remember it:

> On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
> When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
> * * * * * * *
> Forty flags with their silver stars,
> Forty flags with their crimson bars,
> Flapped in the morning wind, the sun
> Of noon looked down and saw not one.
>
> "That was all right, but when he says:
> Up rose old Barbara Frietchie, then,
> Bowed with her four score years and ten.

He is off, away off. Barbara Frietchie was a buxom young German woman, not over 30. She was waving the flag from an upper window when we, following in the tracks of the rebels, entered the town. William Henry, a drunken fellow, believing the flag to be a rebel one, as it was a rebel town, raised his gun and was about to fire when I knocked it out of his hands."

John T. Hanchett, 1861.

"But she was a brave little woman," he continued, quoting Whittier, which he seemed to know all through by heart.

> Bravest of all in Frederick town,
> She took up the flag the men hauled down.
> In her attic window the flag she set
> To show that one heart was loyal yet.
> Up the street came the rebel tread,
> Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
> Under his slouched hat, left and right,
> He glanced; the old flag met his sight."

The old veteran's eyes glistened with excitement as he dramatically exclaimed:

"Halt"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire"—out blazed the rifle blast;
It shivered the window-pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.
She leaned far out on the window-sill
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

"This old gray head," he said, "is, I maintain, a mistake. I spoke with the girl, and when somebody told her I had saved her life, she was very thankful. She had light brown hair and a good complexion.

> Who touches a hair of yon gray head
> Dies like a dog. March on," he said.
> All day long thr ugh Frederick street
> Sounded the tread of marching feet;
> All day long that free flag tost
> Over the heads of the rebel host.

"Yes, that's all right, and these old feet of mine were a pair that passed up that street under that same flag.

John T. Hanchett in 1889.

Twenty-eight years changes the appearance of any man, but sickness and disease, his sole trophies of the war, have added more than years to the white hairs and stooped shoulders which mark John Hanchett to-day as a prematurely old man. Mr. M. Loenshal, pension agent of this city, is looking after Mr. Hanchett's interests at the pension bureau at Washington, and comrades here are much interested in this particular case.

The cuts presented with this article are from photos which, after this week, will be on exhibition among the relics and mementoes of the war in the Memorial Hall library. This is the first time the facts in the interesting case have appeared in print, and while some will be inclined to challenge Mr. Hanchett's comment on Barbara's age and appearance, it must be remembered that Mr. Whittier undoubtedly exercised the poetical license of the profession to alter his heroine to suit his particular fancy. But be that as it may, few will refuse to join with him in the closing chorus of his song.

> Honor to her, and let a tear
> Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier,
> Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
> Flag of Freedom and Union wave,
> Peace and order and beauty draw
> Round thy symbol of light and law,
> And ever the stars above look down
> On thy stars below in Frederick town.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

How True.

An, there's something Jesuitical
In all affairs political.
The people make the candidates they nuno-
dantly oppose,
But they very soon discover,
When the election's over,
That the bosses run the concuses,
Like a parcel of Guy Fawk-eases,
And the winner in each party has their ring
into his nose.
—*Binghamton Republican.*

Liked His Own Better.

Miss Salina—Yes, I admit Mr. Pimply is rather plain, but it's the sort of face that grows upon you.

The Major—Indade? Well, I'm sure 'tis not the sort av face Oi want to grow upon me!—*London Funny Folks.*

One person in each locality can earn a good-sized bag of **gold** at work for us during the next few months. Some earn $20 a day and upwards, and all get good wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary. Capital not required; we start you. Either sex, young or old. You can live at home, giving work all your time or spare time only. One person has earned $5.00 during past few months; you can do as well. No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed FREE to those who write us at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month. STINSON & Co., Box 2146, Portland, Maine.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Reputable Newspapers Seek Exactness.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

The reputable newspaper tries to be scrupulously exact in all its statements, and none but newspaper men appreciate the constant and untiring efforts that are put forth to secure accuracy. The great majority of errors that creep into newspapers arise from misinformation given to reporters either maliciously or innocently by informants. To guard against such errors there is nothing but the judgment of the newspaper to lay his informants' veracity, and this is, of course, fallible. The wonder is, not that errors occur, but that so few of them are found in print.

Modern Epitaph.

Here lies the affidavit man who swore to circulation;
Although deceased he has increased his worldly condemnation.
In life he lied but once a day—a petty little crime;
But since his death he has lost his breath, he now lies all the time.
—*St. Paul Eye.*

Hardly Possible.

Terre Haute Express.

"Why do you poison yourself with that vile stuff?" asked the Prohibitionist of the tramp. "Cause it's the best I kin afford. You don't expect a poor workin' man to be blowin' his self again champagne cocktails, do ye?"

Where Uncle Sam Leads the Way.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

British naval experts are beginning to proclaim that the warships of the future will be light and swift and carry few guns—that they will, in fact, be constructed on the lines laid down by the Americans in the building of their new navy.

A Seasonable Rhyme.

The oyster down in his bed of ooze,
Waked with a start from his Summer snooze,
Opened his shell and said with a yawn:
"I fear that our season of safety is gone,
For my pleasant dreams were disturbed by the jar
That always is called by the letter R,
And I know, by the keel of that hideous sloop,
That some of us shortly will be in the soup."
—*Herald.*

Far Sighted Dom.

Rochester Post-Express.

Dom Pedro anticipates visiting the world's fair in 1892, and has already secured hotel accommodations in { New York. / Chicago.

The Duty of Good Citizenship.

Roch ster Herald, Ind.

It is not necessary for a man to neglect his business or to get hilarious over every election; but as an intelligent citizen with something at stake in the government of the state and of his city or town he should make an effort to become acquainted with the issues and tickets before the people, and to vote on election day.

The Dipper.

'Twas an evening in September,
And we stood there all alone,
And you pointed to the heavens,
Where the jeweled dipper shone.
And you told me to remember
When I saw these bright stars shine,
That as long as the dipper hung there,
So long would you be mine.

Again it is September,
And I am all alone;
And of late I've lost the interest
I once had in stars, I own.
But somehow the idea strikes me,
As I watch that starry group,
Since you married my rival yesterday,
That the dipper's in the soup.
—*R. L. Kimball.*

The Machine Bard.

New York Sun.

The poet sits up near the sun
And weaves fall verses by the hour.
If you should ask him how 'tis done,
He'll say, "By autumn-attic power."

The Fall Trade Booming.

New York Press.

New York, as the metropolis of the country, is the barometer of trade. It is here that the quicksilver rises and falls with good times and bad times. Just now there are portentous signs of the rising tide in business affairs. The hotels of New York are so full of guests that mattresses are spread on the pianos in the music rooms. When guests are numerous buyers are plenty. In the wholesale districts pedestrians can hardly pass along the sidewalk because of the bales and boxes. The Broadway street cars are blockaded at every hour of the day by trucks which are busy with the business traffic. Transportation companies find difficulty in promptly handling all the numerous shipments intrusted to them. Money is in demand at higher rates of interest than ordinary. This is only what might be looked for under a protective tariff administration, but it is matter for congratulation, nevertheless.

An Absolute Guarantee, of Course.

Wheeling Intelligencer.

The Autocrat of All the Russians made Bismarck sit while he, the Autocrat, stood. From this touching incident is inferred a new edition of the abiding peace of Europe.

Short.

Washington Capital.

A little boy
Of seven years;
A loaded gun,
A flood of tears.

The True American Policy.

Denver Republican.

No matter what the schoolmasters or other theorists may think, the common sense of the American people will always maintain protection in this country. Everything that can be purchased at home should be preferred by the American people to any imported articles of the same character.

Give Kemmler a Chance.

Binghamton Republican.

The best way to dispose of murderers is to hire them out to electric light companies for linemen.

What Could He do With One?

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A New York paper says that "Edison stands to-day without a peer." We guess that's so. Being of an economical turn of mind, Mr. Edison has never indulged himself in the luxury of a peer, and he will probably worry through the remainder of his short and dizzy career without one.

A Liar.

Norristown Herald.

I knew him well, and yet to tell
The truth, I never knew him.

Able to Identify Him.

Chicago Tribune.

New York Bootblack (to customer)—"I can't change a bill, sir."

Customer—"Then I shall have to give you four cents, my son. That is all the change I have."

Bootblack (calling out to newsboy in the distance)—"Say, Cull, one o' these yere Weed's Fair millionaires is loose. Look out fur 'im!"

At a Banquet.

Life.

The chair rises to deliver his address of welcome just as the Roman punch is served:

Chairman McGookin—It affoords me more plisure than Oi can expriss to meet yez once more around the fistive boord.

O'Reagan (in a hoarse whisper)—Whist, Dennis; cut it short. There's whuskey in the ice crame.

Chairman McGookin—Me frinds, there be toimes whin silence is goolden. This is wan av thim.

The Jokers.

Boston Courier.

Now autumn summer puts to rout,
And chilly winds to blow begin;
The ice-cream joke is going out,
The stove-pipe joke is coming in.

A Most Remarkable Public Man.

Buffalo Express.

The splendid foreign policy of the State department under Mr. Blaine has already retrieved the respect of foreign nations which the Cleveland-Bayard regime had so generally lost. His literary labors, his official services, and the miscellaneous duties which he is called upon to perform stamp him by the manner in which they are done as one of the most remarkable public men of the day.

At Wilkie Collin's Grave.

Pall Mall Gazette.

There must have been at least a hundred of those unwholesome creatures who call themselves women, who seem to live in grave-yards. When the coffin had been lowered into the bricked grave, there was a general rush of these people who craned over into space, and clawed the wreaths of flowers, and pulled about the cards which were attached to the wreaths, and laughed and cried and chattered until they were moved on by the grave-yard police. Many friends sent wreaths of orchids and other flowers.

The Persian Stitch for Prayer-Mats.

The Persian stitch is used extensively for working the prayer mats, an oriental idea which has found its way into our homes. A handsome model of ivory-white coarse linen has the entire surface quilted in what is called the fish-scale pattern with pale-yellow silk, and over this is embroidered a floriated design with richly colored silks. The position of the prayer-mat is usually in front of the low-fedged table upon which rests the family bible.—October *Table Talk.*

Offering an Explanation.

Of the twenty-five mayors who have governed Chicago fifteen have been natives of the state of New York. This may be a reason why Chicago has been so badly governed.—*New Orleans Picayune*

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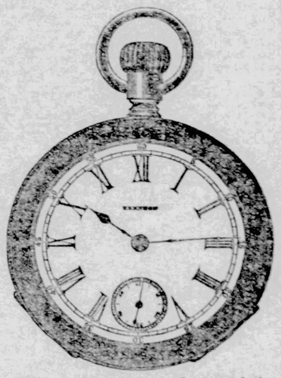

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Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

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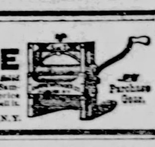

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REDUCED PRICES.

In order to reduce stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for the BLADE should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without the BLADE, at the following prices:

NASBY IN EXILE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.25, or with WEEKLY BLADE, one year, $2.10.

STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.00. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.90.

HANNAH JANE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill. Retail price, $1.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.75.

SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE," by Nasby paper. Retail price, 50c. Will mail copy postpaid, for 25c., or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.10.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES," cloth, 600 pp.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

ROOM NEAR THE TOP.

Women Afraid that Competition Will Crowd Them Out.

VERY frequently letters come to me asking how to go to work to enter some field where independence can be secured. Usually these epistles end with the inquiry: *Do* you think I can succeed? Is there room for me, or are so many before me that there is no shadow of a chance for another?

I do not wonder that these young, untried spirits look out into the great rushing world around, with sometimes a cloud of doubt and distrust of their own powers settling down upon them, as they note how many of those within their own ken fail in their efforts, and fall by the wayside. They do not see, they can not understand that it is often and often the result of the same fear which is now oppressing their own hearts, that it has followed them always, been in all their efforts, and taken from them their courage and strength, both qualities that must enter into all undertakings in order to carry them through to a successful ending.

WHAT TO REMEMBER.

Remember this: Whatever you resolve to do, no matter whether it be a great or small thing, never let an element of doubt of your own individual ability to cope with the difficulties which you will be likely to meet, find a lodgment in your mind. If it knocks at the door of your thoughts, keep it closely shut. Should it slip through when you are unawares, put it out before it has a chance to obtain a foothold, and consequent degree of mastery there. Keep your mental eyes fixed unwaveringly upon what you are striving to do, work away hopefully in the face of any and all discouragements, and suddenly you will find that you have, in a measure, at least, accomplished what you desired so ardently, and in doing it, you have attained an unexpected degree of strength for the future.

There is no such thing as reaching an ideal by sudden jumps, or uncertain, doubtful steps, any more than you could the Alpine summit that pierce the blue skies so far above the traveler. That way of accomplishing life's purpose is found by very few. It is the obstacles often which seem the hardest to surmount that brings you nearest to victory. If you hesitate with a heart and hand palsied by fear, you might as well never begin, and this is what I want to impress upon each and every one of you who write to me these letters of inquiry.

"There is always room near the top," is a trite old saying, which you have, doubtless, heard many times without in the least applying it to yourself, and what you want to do. Well, it fits your case exactly. No matter what trade or profession you desire to learn, no matter how crowded it is with those who are before you, there are rounds in the ladder which are almost vacant, and you may as well try climbing to that place as to be content with a position lower down, where you will have to hang by tooth and nail in order to prevent being pushed off entirely.

Think of everybody you can who has ever been what you call successful. Did you ever know them to be full of fears and anxieties that clouded their brows and made them uncertain and irresolute? Always they look forward resolutely and confidently. I do not mean to say that they never have hours of discouragement, but they would not dwell in them. They looked "up, not down; forward, not backward." That is what you must do if you would succeed.

ABOUT STENOGRAPHY.

Two or three of the letters, the spirit of which I have here answered, were in regard to learning stenography as a means of earning a living. It is with that, as with all other other things. The degree of success comes in proportion to the skill and business acumen which is brought to bear. There are any number of mediocre workers in the field, those who have given just time and energy enough to preparation to pass, and that is all. Of course the result is what may be always expected. They get poor pay and never advance beyond.

Perhaps you would like to hear about a successful stenographer, of whom I was reading in the *Business Woman's Journal*, the other day. She was a teacher for several years, then married, and later on found herself left with two children to support and educate. Some one called her attention to stenography, and with "quiet energy she applied herself to the acquiring of the very best methods. She was not satisfied just to know it, but she must know as well as the best, and now she has a large income from her business in Brooklyn. She is employed in some of the most important court cases, and does the work most efficiently. I mention her because she happens just now to come to my mind, but so far as I can learn she had no exceptional opportunities, farther than a residence in a great city may afford.

A PRACTICAL WOMAN.

Not long since I had occasion to go into a large printing establishment upon a matter of business. In the course of its transaction a doubtful question arose and it was proposed to call Miss ——— into the conference. For a brief moment—shall I confess it?—I was conscious of a little feeling of annoyance, not because she was a woman, but that I had never known one in that position,—and I had seen several there—whose opinion would have possessed any distinct value.

In quick answer to the summons came a little, alert, bright-eyed young lady who looked as if she knew exactly what she was about, and that was the business in hand, and, at the moment, nothing else. She spoke clearly and to the point and the matter was settled in about three minutes.

"You have a valuable assistant?" I said after she had returned to her post, which was that of general proof-reader for the establishment.

"Yes," was the earnest reply; "she is as good as gold in this place."

I learned that besides her skill in reading proof she was a practical printer, which added to her efficiency. She kept her eyes and ears open, was interested in every part of her work, which was never neglected, and hence was thoroughly successful. Whether she is paid what a man with the same qualifications would be in that place, or not, I do not know. If not, she certainly should be.

I could give many examples of successful women workers, who have won the race because they had courage, both among those whose names are as familiar as household words, and they who are not known beyond the community in which they live, but it is not now needful. You can readily see if you study the lives of the first, that failure never entered into their calculations, and you will find that it is equally true of the last also.

Yes, there is a place for every one of you in whatever calling you may feel attracted towards, providing you do not intend to stay always near the foot of the ladder. The breathing places are well up towards the top, and though it costs effort unflagging to get there, yet it is well worth striving for. I cannot help repeating this truth, for it is of such absolute importance in preparing for your future of independence.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HALLOW E'EN ENTERTAINMENT.

LAST year a full description of the origin and meaning of All Hallow Eve was given in the HOUSEHOLD, and now, perhaps, a few suggestions in regard to its celebration would be welcome to some of the young people who want to have a merry time.

It occurs, as you know, on the very last evening of October. If the weather is bright and pleasant, one of the gayest ways of passing the hours which are supposed to be under fairy rule, is in having a "Nutting Shake." Preparations must be made by selecting during the day a tree from which the nuts are ungathered, and then hanging on stumps and trees all around it and along the path leading thither Chinese lanterns and lamps, which will, in the darkness, light it up most grotesquely. Besides these, have large quantities of pumpkins dug out, and then when eyes, mouth and nose are cut put candles in them, which, lighted, will add to the funny and wierd appearance. Spread rugs and blankets down under the tree to catch the nuts. The young men are to climb the tree and shake it vigorously, while the girls stand below and try to see how many nuts each can catch, and if it chances to be seven or a multiple of seven they are most fortunate. A fire is built out of doors, and if it is not too damp, nuts and apples are roasted therein, and fortunes are told by the way they behave. Most young people know that if the named nuts fly around it betokens troubles and quarrels, etc. If the apples being also named roast evenly through, that means good fortune. If they bursts open and fly in pieces, then it indicates great wealth. There are any number of other amusing games which may be tried here.

The refreshments will, of course, consist of the nuts and apples, to which may be added fried cakes or the old-fashioned doughnuts and cider.

Should you want an indoor entertainment, prepare for it by trimming the house with branches of gay autumn leaves and any fall flowers and decorations that are to be found. If it be possible to have a fire in an open fireplace, so much the better. The roasting of the nuts, apples and corn may proceed just the same as out of doors, only upon a smaller scale. Apple bobbing is another amusement. A large tub, or two if necessary, is filled with water, then apples are put into it and allowed to float around the surface. Each person selects one, names it or has some one do so for him, and then he tries to seize it by his teeth, holding his hands behind him. If the apple is caught, he is to wed the one it was named for. Seven trials are allowed.

One way of telling the occupation of one's future husband, is to pour melted lead through the handle of a door-key held in the hand, from an iron spoon, into cold water, and the fanciful shape it will take will tell the story. If it is a ship he will be a sailor; if a sword or gun, a soldier; if a book, a professional man, and so on through the gamut.

Another game is to take small boughs or branches of leaves from a pile gathered for the purpose, and then each one counts the leaves upon his or her own branch and if it is seven or a multiple of seven good fortune is betokened. If the branch has been named for the holder, that number shows that they are to be wedded and fortune will smile upon them most brightly.

The refreshments served at the entertainments are very simple. If anything beside apples, nuts, etc., are desired, sandwiches and coffee are allowable.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

BALSAM BAG.—Make a muslin bag 1 yd. long and 8 inches wide; put balsam in the two ends through opening left in the middle; sew that up, then cover it with a gay colored India silk; trim the ends across with drops; pass it through an opening in the top of a chair and tie it in a single knot.

NECK REST FOR CHAIR.—Take a piece of black velvet 18x20 inches; cut out a band of yellow satin 3 inches wide and sew it to the velvet with button-hole stitches of silk the same color; put a band of red velvet 1 inch wide through the center of the satin and work with gold brown silk. The velvet is then crossed with yellow silk and the satin stripe is worked with brown silk in point russe stitches; cover this over a flat cushion 10 inches wide by 18 inches long. At the lower edge of the cushion put a finish of antique lace worked over the heavy parts with old gold and red floss. Tassels of old gold and red, 10 of them, are fastened into the bottom of lace, 2 inches apart. Fill the cushion with curled hair. Draw up the ends and finish with heavy cord and tassels to correspond with the embroidery.

"Inquirer." There are several fancy bags described in the new number of "Fancy Work and House Decoration," which is almost ready. The price is 25 cents.—[ED.

TO MAKE LEAF PICTURES.—Having been an interested reader of the household for some time, and having received valuable hints and suggestions therefrom, I want to tell the girls how to make Leaf Pictures.

While at college, during the study of botany, the professor desired the class to make collections of pressed leaves, arranging them in book form, labeling and describing each leaf. So, instead of the old method of pressing, I secured as many different varieties of leaves as were procurable there, and then began operations in this way: First get a sheet of paper specially prepared, (which you can get at the drug store), having a coat of lamp-black on one side, about 6x12 inches. On this dark surface, pour two or three drops of olive oil, and rub it with the finger over a space a little larger than the leaf; place the leaf on this surface, veined or under side down; place the whole on a smooth table with two or three thicknesses of smooth paper under it, and a corresponding number of thicknesses over the leaf. Then roll the leaf thoroughly, not hard enough to crush the veins entirely, using for this purpose an Indian club, which suits the purpose exactly, it being rounded.

When this has been thoroughly rolled take out the leaf, and place on the sheet which is to receive the impression. Holding the leaf securely that it may not slip on the paper, carefully press two or three thicknesses of paper over the leaf, taking care the while not to let the leaf slip or the "picture" will be blurred. Now I rolled this in like manner as before, then removed leaf and all, and there was a good "shadow" of my leaf showing perfect veination.

For my book, I bought a good quality of book paper, cut in size desired, and when all the pictures were done, I arranged them all in book form, using the back of an old tablet for the back, and decorated the front page or cover with a pretty scroll and "leaves" in fancy letters, in gold paint. The effect is very pretty, and I had the pleasure of hearing from professor and classmates that mine was the most prettily arranged and most tastefully designed collection in the class.

I wish the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD would all try the Jenness-Miller system of dress reform—it is lovely, so entirely comfortable, as well as comely. I would not exchange back to the old way—corset, etc., for any inducement.

Did any of the ladies ever try making cold starch with warm, soapy water? If not, they will be delighted with the result, as articles iron so smoothly treated in this way. I use a little more starch when making it by this method.

If the ladies and editor wish it, I will send directions for making a lovely photograph holder for the wall.—BLACK HILLS BLUE BELL.

We shall be glad to have it.—ED.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together: n, narrow; s and l, slip and bind: t to, throw thread over; b, bind: o over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet: ch st, chain stitch; ch sl st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot: r c, ribbed crochet: c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch: o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

KNIT EDGING.—Cast on 17 stitches. 1st row, k 3—o—n—o—n—k 5—o—n—k 1—o k 2. 2d, 4th, 6th 8th 10th rows, k plain. 3d row, k 4—o—n—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 3—o—k 2. 5th row, k 5—o—n—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 5—o—k 2. 7th row, k 6—o—n—o—k 3 tog—n—k 5—o—k 2. 9th row, k 5—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 5—o—k 2. 11th row, k 4—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—k 5—o—k 2. 12th row, bind off five stitches, knit 16 plain; repeat from beginning.

SIMPLE CROCHETED EDGE.—Make chain of six stitches and join. 1st row, ch 3—make 3 d c in circle—ch 2—3 d c in same circle—this forms a shell—turn. 2d row, ch 5—3 d c in 2 ch of last row—ch 2—3 d c in same. 3d row, ch 3—shell in shell—ch 1—10 d c in 5 ch of last row. 4th row, ch 3—1 s c alternately in each d c of last row—ch 3—shell in shell. In making another scollop after 10 d c catch in 3 ch of last scallop. This is an easy pattern for beginners, yet it is pretty for small articles, or where a narrow edge is needed. —MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco county, Oregon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW SHE WENT TO THE STATE FAIR.—It has now come to pass that the harvest is ended, the garden seeds are tucked away from mice, the potatoes are in the cellar, and there is just a week or two yet before the balance of the list, such as apple-butter making and corn gathering, commences. So let us shove things a little and take a holiday.

I want to tell you how I went to the state fair. It was nearly 100 miles away, and I had no dress nor suitable wrap, and the boys must have new flannel waists. I suddenly became possessed, on Friday, with the desire to go; so, gaining the consent of husband to let me go and take the two eldest boys, 8 and 7; I went to work in good earnest. The first thing I did was to go the garden and get a half-bushel of tomatoes and can them; from that till Wednesday night I scrubbed, baked, swept, etc., besides making a flannel dress and circular for myself and a waist for each of the boys. Thursday morning we took the early morning train and went to the fair, returning that night, arriving home at about 11. Some will say that is hard work and poor pay.

I did work hard, but I enjoyed the trip myself and gave the children a holiday which they never will forget. I have worked hard all summer and when fall comes I need some change, however little, to vary the monotonous tread and thrum of every day work. It took me two or three days to get rested up and get my home for I was not in my usual health to begin with—having a severe cold—but I gained some ideas at the fair which I shall carry out this winter, and feel much benefitted by my little trip. I heard a man say as I was standing waiting for the train at the station, that he would not undertake that trip with those two children for ten dollars. A man can't do half what a woman can in such matters as that anyway. Husband said he knew I would lose one or both of them, and all get on the wrong train, coming home, and I don't know how many more calamities he predicted that didn't come to pass. I am going to work another year, and if we all keep our health I think my plans don't fail, I shall take them all on a longer trip next fall. I have found out what I can do. If I can take two safely through that jam, I can take more on ordinary occasions.

Now, sisters, stir yourselves, and take a short excursion to try your ability; then if you find you are capable, work for a larger one next fall. John can keep the baby while you go; then you can keep all of them while he goes.

If you must have a new dress, make it empire style—the skirt without a foundation, if the cloth is heavy, and a peasant cloak. There you have elegance and comfort. Ah! comfort, what a blessing it always within our reach, if we would only think so and take it. But we worry and fret, and sprout gray hairs and crows' feet, trying to do as some one else has done or is going to do. If this doesn't perish by the wayside, I'll come again some day and tell you something more I know.—MRS. FARMER.

"LITTLE THINGS."—In THE BLADE of August 15 was an article under the above heading. And ever since I have felt that I would like to say a few words through the HOUSEHOLD on the same subject.

How sweet sympathy is to the human heart, and how it helps us to bear up under trials that well nigh crush us! In great troubles we are sure to find friends who give us the sympathy we so need; but in the little everyday trials that worry and perplex us who sees them but ourselves? and how foolish they would sound to others if we should tell of them! But there is one who said, "Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." There are many things we would like to know that God has wisely kept from us; but when He does speak we may be sure that it is to our interest to heed. When he said, "Cast all your care on Him," it is no idle command. He knows how frail we are, and He would befriend us. "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any hear my voice and open unto me, I will come into him and sup with him and he with me," implies the closest friendship. "Jesus, the captain of our salvation, was made perfect through suffering," and "He learned obedience through the things which He suffered." If we fail to let those "little cares" make us more like Him who was patient and obedient, it is our own fault, if we bear them in our own strength they may become barriers between us and our Father, "the cares of this life sprang up and choked out the good seed;" but taken to Him in trusting prayer, "in the name of Jesus cast on Him," they will be lifted and carried away again, and they will be stepping stones to a higher and better life. Try it, sisters, and my word for it, you will not rise from your knees until you have thanked God for the care that brought you to Him.

I am glad the girls are talking up the propriety of refusing attentions from young men who use intoxicants. Stand by it girls.

Thanks to J. W. Stone for his article on the tobacco question. I believe the time is not far distant when no man who has respect for himself or society, will use the filthy stuff.—SARAH L. PORTER, Annsville, Oregon.

JEANNIE'S MISTAKE.—At Spokane Falls, W. T., the nights are cool, indeed. Mornings, as the sun rises, you can see the great mountains towering in all of their beauty and grandeur towards heaven's canopy; and as your eye wanders it seems their purple tops touch the blue sky.

Ah! how beautiful—a sunbeam flits here, —there, and now rests on the rippling river and there strays a gleam of sunlight in the great falls of Spokane, where the pure, sparkling waters leap and foam, dimples and dashes, and as the mist gathers from the spray, it rises higher, still higher, till in its majesty glows forth in the form of a radiant rainbow on the azure tinted sky:

"Deep calleth unto deep—and what are we
That hear that question of that voice sublime;
Oh, what are the notes that ever rise
From war's vain trumpet, by the thundering side?

As the setting sun cast a crimson glow about the horizon and shadows chased one another over rock and ravine who dreamed that the red tongued fiend would consume the main part of the beautiful city—"At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour," but so it proved to be. Seeing Jeannie's error regarding the conflagration—I write to make a correction. One living 30 miles away in the woods can hardly do justice to themselves or others when they strive to report such a fire. I presume the injustice inflicted on the superintendent was not done with malicious intentions, but from ignorance. It is best to know the whole truth when you put it in print.

"Faith, Hope and Charity, but the greatest of these is charity." The superintendent *was* gone, but he left his assistant in charge, and he knew his business, but the city had only three regularly paid firemen, and as the assistant went and put on the greatest water pressure, the firemen turned the hydrant four times when it ought to have been fourteen times. The superintendent had a trial with the hydrant afterwards and it worked grandly. None should be censured so severely. They were excited and hence forgot what they had been taught.—ED. U. CATE, Reedtown, O., P. O. box 30.

SHE DIFFERS.—I enjoy the friendly chats of the HOUSEHOLD very much, and I might have sat by demurely and listened for years to the sisters' talk, had I not happened to read this morning what "Betsy Baker" thinks. She thinks if a man uses tobacco he must ntcessarily drink whisky, for she never knew a man to do one without doing the other. Her knowledge of men must be very limited, or else she is a "man-hater." I know many good men who use tobacco and never touch whisky. I will cite her to one instance which will convince her of her error. I once knew a good old man, a Methodist minister, who lived to be 74 years old and used tobacco from boyhood. Of the vast concourse of people who followed him to his last resting place I don't supppose one person entertained the thought that Uncle Jesse (as he was called) had drank whisky all his life.

Sister Betsy, you must learn to be a little more charitable toward the sterner sex. —MRS. ROSA HONLAND, Shawneetown, Ill.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one tell me the best method of keeping our houses free from mold during the warm, damp weather?—E. F. L.

Would some one please give directions for crocheting a pretty sacque for an infant?—MRS. LIZZIE FOGS.

Would the editor please tell through THE BLADE if the teacups that goes with that set of dishes are very small or medium size?—LIZZIE FOGS.

Medium size.—ED.

I would be pleased to receive from any of the HOUSEHOLD rocks of different kinds; also fossil rocks and petrified specimens and sea shells.—LAMAR C OYSTER, Lumberport, Harrison county, W. Va.

Tell what will rid a room of flies? We are completely overrun with them, both the house and vinegar flies. Think I have read or heard of something long ago that can be burned in a room, which either destroys or stupifies them.—L. FISHER, Orwell, Oswego county, N. Y.

I would like to ask the readers of the HOUSEHOLD if they or any of their friends are in need of a housekeeper, nurse or companion. I know a lady who, I think, is admirably adapted for such a position. She is a good Christian woman, amiable and cheerful, and could give the very best of references. I think if she were assured she was going into a good family she would accept such a position. If any one wishes her address, write to me and I will send it. Address L. L., Smithton, Mo., (box 72.)

Will the lady who wrote the instruction on Kensington painting of BLADE September send the more simple way, also finish what instruction she gave in that number of BLADE, as that would only be outline in Kensington? Will she send all she knows about it? What paints are required for purple pansy?—E. C. HAYES.

Will some one send me patterns in cross-stitch worked in gingham; also will some one send me a fly bulb? I will pay postage.—LILLIE MILLESON, Bloom Center, O.

If some one will send me two or three samples crocheted lace two and three inches wide I will return postage.—MRS. WM. DEISRICK, Cedar Falls, Iowa. Box 727.

Will some one please give different ways of making frostings for cake and puddings, such as chocolate, maple, etc? Mine is either brittle so it will break when cut, or soft and sticky. And will those who have books or magazines, which they would like to get rid of, please send some to me? I will gladly pay postage.—MRS. J. H. BIERMAN, 418 Williams street, Sheboygan, Wis.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

POLLY PRITCHARD.—We cannot remember the sunflower pattern cut out of cloth, or when it was published, and cannot take the time to look it up, but perhaps some one who has it will kindly send it.

We are unable to take the space to publish inquiries about individual persons.—ED.

Will you please tell me through THE BLADE, what institutions are in Toledo, in which young ladies who desire to earn an honorable livelihood may obtain situations?—A READER.

We know of none here different from those found elsewhere. There is a Labor Bureau which advertises to find situations by the payment of a certain fee. You might write them and ask about it. Simply direct to Labor Bureau, Adams street, Toledo, O.

Is there not a magazine published which advocates and explains the Jenness-Miller dress reform? Please give name and address "Dress," 363 Fifth avenue, N. Y. City.

"Lady reader of THE BLADE," the answers to your questions involves free advertising —ED.

Ida A., Xenia, O., it will not be possible to send your name and address to "Babies' Friend." If you wanted to communicate with her, you should have given an address in the HOUSEHOLD, to which she could write.

L. J.: The bridesmaids and groomsmen precede the bridal couple into the room where they are to be married, and take the places to which they have been previously assigned, depending upon the number. The first bridesmaid unglooves the hand of the bride for the wedding ring. They wear gloves.

It is now, however, oftener the case that the groomsmen and bridesmaids are dispensed with at a home wedding, as it seems less formal, a thing which is greatly to be desired upon such an occasion.

The near friends, that is, the parents of the bride, then those of the groom, first congratulate the newly married afterwards the other relatives, and then the friends and acquaintances. The attendants keep their places during the proceeding.—ED.

The following is a list of the addresses of persons who desire to make a BLADE crazy quilt:

Miss Olive Knerr, 19 Alaska street, Dayton, O.; Miss Shaver, Progress, Braxton Co., W. Va.; Mrs. M. L. Reynolds, Franklinville, Catt. Co., N. Y.; Mattie Hobson, Cedarville, Smith Co., Kansas; Emma Baher, Rimmersburg, Clarion Co., Penna.; Mamie Farmer, Philo, Ills.; Myrtle, box 75, New Point, Holt Co., Mo.; Lottie Jones, Rockford, Spokane Co., Washington Ter.; Maud Brown, Clarksdale, Christian Co., Ills.; Hattie Stierwalt, Sandyville, Warren Co., Iowa; M. McCue, Toledo, O.; Mrs. Ida McCron, Etna Green, Ind.; Miss Luella Hadley, Alten, Osborne Co., Kansas; Mary Uim, Union, Union Co., Oregon; Miss Edith Bryhan, Ellenboro, Wis.

RECIPES.

CHEESE JELLIED.—Grate three ounces of Parmesan cheese, whip two tablespoonfuls of thick cream and mix with a tablespoonful of gelatine dissolved in a small teacupful of water; when stiff stir in the cheese, season with pepper, salt and mustard. Fill little cases, grate cheese over the top, and set on ice to harden.

CHEESE STRAWS.—Mix two ounces of butter, two of flour, two of bread crumbs, two of grated cheese, and half a teaspoonful of salt and pepper mixed. Roll the paste out thin, cut in strips, lay on a sheet of buttered paper, and bake ten minutes. Let cool.

Stale cheese may be grated and dried, and is good and available in numerous dishes. The English custom of serving grated cheese with apple and other fruit pies and puddings is a good one, which might be more commonly adopted in this country.

EGG SANDWICHES.—Butter thin slices of bread, lay over slices of hard-boiled eggs, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and cover with another slice of buttered bread.

MIXED SANDWICHES.—Chop fine, cold ham, tongue and chicken, mix with one part of the meat, half a cupful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of mustard, the powdered yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, a little pepper, spread on thin buttered bread.—*Household Journal.*

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—One cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water, two eggs well beaten, one and one half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and one-half cupfuls of flour. Do not stir much after adding the flour; bake in a quick oven. When cool, spread on jelly and roll.

TO CLARIFY MOLASSES.—A very good way is to heat it over the fire, pouring in one pint of sweet milk to every gallon of molasses. The impurities must be skimmed off as soon as they rise to the top, and before the molasses boils.

TO KEEP CRANBERRIES THROUGH THE WINTER.—Put them in water, keeping it cold but not allowing it to freeze. Change the water several times through the season.

TO MEND CHINA.—Make a cement of gum arabic water mixed with plaster of paris into a smooth paste. If put together neatly and carefully only a very fine white line will show.

VIRGINIA BISCUITS.—4 ozs of butter put into a quart of lightly sifted flour; add a teaspoonful of salt, and milk enough to make a dough. Knead and work until the dough is light, and free from stickiness, then roll it out as thin as paper. Cut it into square crackers, prick with a fork, and bake in a moderate oven.

—To impress a plain truth it is not necessary to paint it to the eye by comic wood cuts or sensational pictures of any kind. Ordinary type is better, if it secures your confidence. To illustrate: If you are the victim of Malaria, and wish to be free from it *immediately*, one bottle of Shallenberger's Antidote will *infallibly* do the work. It may pay you to believe this and get the medicine without delay. Dr. A. T. Shallenberger, Rochester, Pa., will send it by mail for one dollar.

The Spoils System Must Go.

The business of city affairs should be conducted by business men on business principles.—*Indianapolis News.*

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

HULL, PRAIRIE, O.	Ella Skinner
Frank Jezzard	Clara Taylor
Leslie Robertson	Myrta Smith
Frank Towera	Libbie Ryder
Fred Gunder.	May Carter
Cora Carter	Laura Gunder
Willard Carter	Arlie Carter
Jay Western	Maggie Pargellis
Clyde Western	Gertie Pargellis
Russie Cole	Jessie Robertson
Ella Pargellis	Carrie Jezzard.
Alice Carter	COOPERSTOWN, DAK.
Alice Gunder	Ralph Simpkins.

Names this week, 24. Total, 27,538.

The above embraces all names received up to October 18.

For the Young Folks.

THE MEADOW.

JOHN G. TEMPLE.

Down where the lilies grow
In the sunny meadow.
There's where we like to go
To chase the fleeting shadow.
There's where the daisies smile,
There's where the red birds file,
Busy adding to their pile
In the sunny meadow.

Buttercups and daffodils
There await our coming;
The bubbling spring our bucket fills,
For us ees are humming.
There's where the fishes swim,
There's where the swallows skim,
Till the merry day grows dim
In the sunny meadow.

Greedy blackbirds chase the plows,
Thieving for their dist;
Nibbling, lot'ring, graze the cows
In the scented quiet.
There's where we love to look
Down in the crystal brook,
Laughing, gurgling from its nook
In the sunny meadow.

Golden grain and reaper's song
Bring the harvest merry;
Armed with pails, a jolly throng,
Go we for the berry.
There bursts the prairie pod,
There leans the golden rod,
There's where is turned the sod,
In the sunny meadow.

HOW DORA WAS SENT.

BY A. M. PAYNE.

MR. JENNINGS and Mrs. Bascomb, the next door neighbors, had come in to see the baby. The tiny creature lay in its mother's lap and winked its weak eyes, and pushed forward its little red hands aimlessly, and knew nothing of its mother's joy or of the wicked world in which it had come to live.

The mother was joyful, and this is what caused the wonderment of Mrs. Jennings and Mrs. Bascomb.

"Of course, you'll take care of it, but with your other two, and the work at the ship yard so dull, and your man not to be depended on for steadiness, I don't just know how you can feel so glad about the baby."

Mrs. Rowe took one of the bits of hands in her own and looked down upon the little face. "God sent her," she said quietly.

Mrs. Jennings sniffed. "Maybe so "she said, "but you've got to take care of it. "Not but what its a likely baby—with a voice of its own too. I heard it last night, but how you can be so happy over it beats me."

"Is your man sober now," asked Mrs. Bascomb?

"Yes, this week he has been, but last week he was off. The yard works will be shut down next month, so I think he'll try to save a bit."

"I nope so I'm sure, but I'm afraid he won't," said Mrs. Jennings. "What does he think of the baby?"

"He likes it when it don't cry," replied the mother, patting softly the little hand. "Like all the men," replied Mrs. Jennings. "Well, we must go. If you need any help don't forget we're next door."

So the Jobs comforters departed, and Mrs. Row sat and rocked her baby. She loved it dearly, she clung to it as she had done to the first one, notwithstanding that the little boat-builder's cottage seemed to grow smaller, or the family increased, and "John" had taken to drink. Perhaps it was the hard winter, or the fact that the work was short, or that he didn't feel well, but the little wife gave him all the excuses to fall back upon, and will he drank.

Somehow she thought he would do better when this last baby came, but no, as the weeks and months went on it was rather worse than better. Still Mrs. Rowe knew God sent the baby. She felt sure of it when it turned its little loving arms around her neck. It was the most affectionate one she had, and would even get a kind word from the father when he had been drinking hard. They all loved the baby. Mrs Rowe managed, when the next winter came on, and the baby could walk, to take in some fishermen's clothes to make to help to furnish the children with flannels. She worked very steadily, poor thing, and the baby would stand by her chair and prattle in its pretty, loving way, and that rested her. She bought a machine, paying for it week by week as she could spare the money, and then it was easier. Baby liked it, and baby liked the pretty shells the father bought sometimes. The other children loved to please the baby, it was so ready to laugh. When it could talk there was more pleasure, for all the bits of words came so quickly from it's little lips. It was never sick, but when one of the elder ones came down with the fever, it was baby who soothed and amused the restless child. It was baby who learned to go for the milk at night, and to bring in chips from the yard. Was it strange, that Mrs. Rowe still said, God sent it?

When the "summer came again," and the ship builders went to work, it was better for a while, but John Rowe began to drink again and this time he was worse than ever. He was abusive to the foreman one day, and was threatened with dismissal, so he went off to the saloon and drank more than ever.

It made him half wild and there was a high wind blowing that made him furious, for he could not battle with it going home. Once at the door he found it locked, and kicked at it. His wife jumped up from the machine and unfastened it.

"It was the wind John, I had to fasten it and did not know you were coming." she said.

"It's not the wind, its that old machine," he said, stumbling into the room, "and I'm tired of it and I'll have done with it." So saying he picked up a hatchet from the corner by the stove, and with three well-directed blows split the wood work of the machine in splinters. The machine fell heavily on the floor, and Mrs. Rowe with one great sob of despair sank down in a chair.

John dropped the hatchet and stumbled off into another room. Baby came patting in and saw the ruin, and the mother sitting sobbing in a chair. In vain she petted and caressed her. In vain she pleaded "Baby buy mamma new chine." The woman's heart was almost broken.

"Mamma can't work any more baby," she said, "and we might as well die. Poor John! he didn't mean to, but I believe he's killed me."

An hour later, as John Rowe sat gloomily with his head upon his hands in the room where he had taken shelter, the door opened, and baby came in slowly.

She came near him, and seating herself upon a stool, looked at him steadily.

He was uneasy, knowing although his head was bowed, that her eyes were fastened upon him. He was more sober now, he knew just what he had done, and the consequence, and he was very much ashamed.

"Who sent you, Baby," he demanded at length, when he had borne the silent scrutiny as long as he could.

"God sent me," replied the child. The father groaned, and was silent again.

"Mammy says you've killed her," went on baby, "and I do think you have."

"Why," said John, starting up.

"Cause she won't speak to me and she never did it before."

John got up, and although his head was so dizzy he could hardly step, he found his way to the room where he had left his wife.

She sat there still, but there was no sign of life about her. Hastily baby was sent in one direction and the other children elsewhere, and soon the house was full and every effort was used to restore poor Mrs. Rowe to consciousness. Baby wept on the bed, and every now and then would call for her in a pleading way, which went to the hearts of those who stood near.

After a long time—it seemed days and months to John Rowe, the breath came back; there was a tremor, and she was with them once more.

"John, oh John," she moaned, "you have killed me."

"Amy," said the man standing by her side, and taking one of her hands, "I promise you I will never take another drop if you will only live."

Baby slipped down from the bed and trotting over to the high desk in the corner she took from it a paper and came back. "Here," she said, climbing upon the bed again, "here's what the man left the other day and he said it was like me—that God sent it."

It was a temperance pledge, and John Rowe signed it then and there, and so he brought his wife back to life.

He kept it too, and things changed in the boat-builder's cottage. There was no need of sewing outside the home work, but there was a new machine to help make the children's dresses.

Now Baby had never had a name, and in the spring when John and his wife joined the church, they had her christened, and they named her

Theodora—a gift of God.—*Woman's Illustrated World.*

TOMMY'S DREAM.

BY F. BOLTON.

Tommy had been to the school treat, away out from the dirty, crowded, hot streets, in which he lived, into the beautiful green, fresh country.

And Tommy had enjoyed the treat; but I am afraid that many of the butterflies and other insects, and some of the birds too, had cause to grieve that Tommy and his little mates had been there to a treat—it was none for them. A great part of the day Tommy had spent in what he thought good fun. He had chased beautiful butterflies, but when he caught them he could do little with them. They were a source of amusement to him for a short time, and then he would let them flutter away with spoilt and broken wings. He had tried to capture the large bees which he saw flying about; but as he laid hold on one it stung him, so thinking himself badly used he left it go. Then he had frightened many of the birds by throwing stones at them—only fortunately, he aimed badly, and never hit his mark! And when he and some of his companions, wandering through the green fields, had come across a large, scaly beetle, he had seized it, and in spite of its struggles had put it in his pocket.

Then, though, it must hide under the sticks, or those great creatures will catch me! Oh dear, I wish were home!" for Tommy was frightened.

So he hid quickly under some small sticks until all the butterflies and other things should go away; but it was no use. Soon he felt the sticks lifted, and heard something scream out; he did not know what the thing was at first, for he dared not look up.

"Oh, oh! come and look; here's such a funny thing. Four legs, and it only walks on two of them! and such a funny head."

Then Tommy felt himself snatched up and pinched; and screaming and struggling, he looked up at the thing that held him. It was a beetle, of gigantic size, it seemed to him.

"Oh!" screamed the beetle again, "come and look what I've caught. Such a funny thing; whatever is it?"

"What have you got?" asked a butterfly, about one hundred times Tommy's size, flying up.

"Why look here! I don't know what it is."

"Oh!" said the butterfly, "it's only a boy. They're common enough. If you didn't live so much under the ground you'd know a boy when you see him. That's only a little one, but I've seen big ones, and I've good cause to remember them, too; they've chased me often enough."

The butterfly spoke very fiercely for such a gentle creature, and Tommy trembled.

"A boy!" shrieked the beetle—"a boy! I know something about them, only I don't know this one. Ugh! you little brute"—shaking Tommy—"you're a boy, are you? I'll pinch you." And the beetle did, and Tommy screamed and kicked, but the beetle held him tightly.

"What's on here?" asked a passing bee. "What have you got?"

"Oh, only a boy," said the butterfly, "and we're only going to pinch him to see him kick."

"Oh, oh!" screamed Tommy, "you cowards! you wouldn't dare to do it if I were not so small;" but the insects took no notice of his cries.

"Here, hand him over to me," said the bee; "I owe boys a grudge; let me sting him."

"Wait a bit answered the beetle; "let's have some fun with him first. You'll kill him if you sting him."

"But I, besides, you can't feel."

"They can't they can" shrieked Tommy, but no heed was paid to his words.

Just as the bee was about to sting its shrieking victim, a linnet (to Tommy it seemed the size of an eagle) flew up. The butterfly fitted away sharply, and the bee suddenly became impressed with the necessity of going also and went. Only the beetle remained, holding Tommy tightly still, for the beetle knew that its scaly coat would protect it against the linnet. The bee and the butterfly had not such protection.

"What have you got?" asked the linnet.

"A boy. I owe boys a grudge, so I'm pinching him;" and the beetle squeezed Tommy again, and again he squealed.

"Will you give him to me? I'd like to take him somewhere," said the linnet.

So the beetle dropped Tommy, who was now quie sore, and the linnet lifted him in its beak.

Dreams are very funny things.

The linnet seemed to be suddenly in the room of a house, and Tommy saw it was his own bedroom.

"What's the matter?" squeaked a funny voice. It was Tommy's white mouse speaking; for Tommy kept a white mouse.

"Why," said the linnet; and it seemed quite friendly with the white mouse, "I've caught a boy. What shall I do with him?"

"A boy? Let me

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

First Service After the Burning of the Brooklyn Tabernacle—A Great Congregation in the Academy of Music—The Lesson of the Disaster.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 20.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Academy of Music this morning, his first sermon after the destruction of the Brooklyn Tabernacle by fire. His audience was of vast size, and public interest was extraordinary.

The opening hymn was:

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Dr. Talmage's subject was "The Baptism of Fire," and he took as his text Acts xx, 24: "None of these things move me." He said:

Not Cast Down.

But, Paul, have you not enough affliction to move you? Are you not an exile from your native land? With the most genial and loving nature have you not in order to be free for missionary journeys given yourself to celibacy? Have you not turned away from the magnificent worldly successes that would have crowned your illustrious genius? Have you not endured the sharp and stinging neuralgias like a thorn in the flesh? Have you not been mobbed on the land and shipwrecked on the sea, the Sanhedrim against you, the Roman government against you, all the world and all hell against you? "What of that?" says Paul. "None of these things move me." It was not because he had a hard nature. Gentle women knew you never more easily dissolved into tears. He could not even bear to see anybody cry, for in the midst of his sermon, when he saw some one weeping her sobs aloud, "the woman ye to weep and break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." What, then, did Paul mean when he said: "None of these things move me?" He meant: "I will not be diverted from the work to which I have been called by any and all the adversities and calamities."

I think this morning I express not only my own feelings, but that of every man, woman and little child belonging to Brooklyn Tabernacle, or that was converted there, or connected there in any way, when I look toward the blackened ruins of the dear and consecrated spot, and with an aroused faith in a loving God, cry out: "None of these things move me!"

When I say that I do not mean that we have no feeling about it. Instead of standing here to-day in this brilliant auditorium, it would be more consonant with my feelings to sit down among the ruins and weep at the words of David: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!" Why, let me say to the strangers here to-day in explanation of the deep emotion of my flock, we had there in that building sixteen years of religious revival. I believe that a hundred thousand souls were born there. They came from all parts of the earth, and we shall never see them again until the books are opened. Why, all our children were there baptized, and at those altars our young men and maidens took the marriage vow, and out of those gates we carried our dead. When from the roof of my house last Sunday morning at 3 o'clock I saw our church in flames, I said: "That is the last of the building from which we buried our De Witt" and that dreadful December day when it seemed all Brooklyn wept with my household." And it was just as hard for you to give up your loved ones as for us to give up ours. Why, like the beautiful vines that still cover some of the fallen walls, our affections are clambering all over the ruins, and I could kiss the ashes that mark the place where it once stood. Why, now that I think of it, I cannot think of it as an inanimate pile; but as a soul, a mighty soul, an indestructible soul. I am sure that majestic organ had a soul, for we have often heard it speak and sing, and shout and wail, and when the soul of that organ entered heaven I think Handel and Haydn, and Mozart and Mendelssohn, and Beethoven were all there to welcome it. So I do not use the words of my text in a heartless way, but in the sense that we must not and will not be diverted from our work by the appalling disasters which have befallen us. We will not turn aside one inch from our determination to do all we can for the present and everlasting happiness of all the people whom we may be able to reach. "None of these things move me! None of these things move you!"

When I looked out through the dismal rain from the roof of my house and saw the church crumbling brick by brick and timber by timber, I said to myself: Does this mean my work in Brooklyn is ended? Does this terminate my association with this city, where I have been more than twenty years glad in all its prosperities and sad in all its misfortunes? And a still, small voice came to me, a voice that is no longer still or small, but most emphatic and commanding, through pressure of hand, and newspaper column and telegram and letter and contributions, saying

"Go Forward!"

I think if all the Brooklyn firemen and all insurance companies should search among those ruins on Schermerhorn street they would not find a splinter large as the tip end of the little finger marked with bigotry; and as it is said that the exhumed bricks of the walls of Babylon have on them the letter N, standing for Nebuchadnezzar, I declare to you that if we ever get a new church the letter we should like to have on every stone and every timber would be the letter C, for that we should stand for Christ and for Catholicity. The last two words I uttered in the old church on Friday night, some of you may remember, were "Hallelujah! Amen!"

The two words that I utter now as most expressive of my feelings in this our first service after the Baptism of Fire are Hallelujah! Amen! "None of these things move me."

The Will of God.

We are kept in this mood by two or three considerations. The first is, that God rules. In what way the church took fire I do not know. It has been charged on the lightning. It managed them several thousands of years before our electricians were born. The Bible indicates that, though they flash down the sky recklessly, God builds for them a road to travel. In the Psalms it is said: "He made a way for the lightning and the thunder." Ever since the time of Benjamin Franklin the world has been trying to tame the lightnings, and they seem to be quite well harnessed, but they occasionally kick over the traces. But though we cannot master great natural forces, God can and does, and that God is our Father and best Friend, and this thought gives us confidence.

We are also reinforced by the increased consolation that comes from contrariety of sorrow. The people who, during the last sixteen years, sat on the other side of the aisle, whose faces were familiar to you, but to whom you had never spoken, you greeted them this week with smiles and tears as you said: "Well, the old place is gone." You did not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the sleeve near the corner of the eye, and pretended it was the sharp wind that made your eyes weak. All there was nothing the matter with your eyes; it was your soul bubbling over. I tell you that it is impossible to sit for years around the same church fireside and not have sympathies in common. Somehow you feel that you would like those people on the other side of the aisle, about whom you know but little, prospered and patronized and blessed and saved. You feel as if you are in the same boat, and you want to glide up the same harbor, and want to disembark at the same wharf.

If you put gold and iron and lead and zinc in sufficient heat, they will melt into a conglomerate mass; and I really feel that last Sabbath's fire has fused us all, grosser and finer natures, into one. It seems as if we all had our hands on a wire connected with an electric battery; and when this church sorrow started, it thrilled through the whole circle, and we all felt the shock. The oldest man and the youngest child could join hands in this misfortune. Grandfather said," I expected from those altars to be buried," and the children last Sabbath cried, "Grandpa, that place was next to our own house." Yes, we are supported and confident in this time by the cross of Christ.

The Blessed Cross.

That is used to the fire. On the dark day when Jesus died the lightning struck it from above, and the flames of hell dashed up against it from beneath. That tearful, painful, tender, blessed cross still stands. On it we hang all our hopes; beneath it we put down all our sins; in the light of it we expect to make the rest of our pilgrimage. Within sight of such a sacrifice, who can feel he has it hard? In the sight of such a symbol, who can be discouraged, however great the darkness that may come down upon him? Jesus lives! The loving, impatient sympathizing mighty Jesus! It shall not be told on earth, or in hell, or in heaven, that three Hebrew children had the son of God beside them in the fire, and that a whole church was forsaken by the Lord, when they went through a furnace about two hundred feet wide.

O Lord Jesus! shall we take out of thy hand the flowers and the fruits, and the brightness and the joys, and then turn away because thou dost give us one cup of bitterness to drink! Oh, no, Jesus! we will drink it dry. But how it is changed! Blessed Jesus, what hast thou put into the cup to sweeten it? Why, it has become the wine of heaven, and our souls grow strong. I come now, and place both of my feet deep down into the blackened ashes of our consumed church, and I cry out with an exhilaration that I never felt since the day of my soul's emancipation, "Victory! victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

Christian Sympathy.

We are also reinforced by the catholicity that I have already referred to. We are in the academy to-day, not because we have no other place to go. Last Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock we had but one church; now we have about thirty, all at our disposal. Their pastors and their trustees say: "You may take our main audience rooms, you may take our lecture rooms, you may take our church parlors, you may baptize in our baptisteries and sit on our anxious seats." Oh! if there be any larger hearted ministers or larger hearted churches anywhere than in Brooklyn, tell me where they are, that I may go and see them before I die. The millennium has come. People keep wondering when it is coming. It has come. The lion and the lamb lie down together, and the tiger eats straw like an ox. I should like to have seen two of the old-time bigots, with their swords, fighting through that great fire on Schermerhorn street last Sabbath. I am sure the swords would have melted, and they who wielded them would have learned war no more forever! say a word against any other denomination of Christians. I thank God I never have been tempted to do it. I cannot be a sectarian. I have been told I ought to be, but I have not enough material in me to make such a structure. Every time I get the thing most done there comes a fire, or something else, and all is gone. The angels of God shake out on it rain. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." I do not know but I see on the horizon the first gleam of the morning which shall unite all denominations in one organization, distinguished only by the locality as in apostolic times. It was then the Church of Thyatira, and the Church of Thessalonica, and the Church of Antioch, and the Church of Laodicea. So I do not know but that in the future history, and not far off, either, it may be simply a distinction of locality, and not of creed, as the Church of New York, the Church of Brooklyn, the Church of Boston, the Church of Charleston, the Church of Madras, the Church of Constantinople, the Church of America.

My dear brethren, we cannot afford to be severely divided. Standing in front of the great foes of our common Christianity, we want to put on the whole armor of God, and march down in solid column, shoulder to shoulder! one commander! one triumph!

The trumpet gives a martial strain
O Israel! gird thee for the fight;
Arise, the combat to maintain,
And put thy foes to flight.

Heaven Cannot Burn Down.

We also feel reinforced by the thought that we are on the way to heaven that can never burn down. Fires may sweep through other cities—but I am glad to know that the New Jerusalem is fire proof. There will be no engines rushing through those streets; there will be no temples consumed in that city. Coming to the doors of that church, we will find them open, resonant with holy songs, and not cries of fire. Oh, my dear brother and sister! if this short lane of life come up so soon to that blessed place, what is the use of our worrying? I have felt a good many times this last week like Father Taylor, the sailor preacher. He got in a long sentence while he was preaching one day, and lost himself, and could not find his way out of the sentence. He stopped and said: "Brethren, I have lost the nominative of this sentence, and things are generally mixed up, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow."

And during this last week, when I saw the rushing to and fro and the excitement, I said to myself, "I do not know just where we shall start again, but I am bound for heaven, and that I know now." I do not want to go just yet. I want to be pastor of this people until I am about 89 years of age, but I have sometimes thought that there are such glories ahead that I may be persuaded to go a little earlier—for instance, at 82 or 83; but I really think that, if we could have an appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, we would want to go, stepping right out of the Academy of Music into the glories of the sky.

Ah! that is a good land. Why, they tell me that in that land they never have a heart ache. They tell me that a man might walk five hundred years in that land and never see a tear or hear a sigh. They tell me that our friends who have left us and gone there chant a song as radiant as that which I think they have learned from the lips of Jesus familiarly, and that they open that hand and see in the palm of it a healed wound that must have been very cruel before it was healed. And they tell me that there is no winter there, and that they never get hungry or cold, and that the sewing girl never wades through the snow bank to her daily toil, and that the clock never strikes twelve for the night, but only twelve for the day.

The Light in the Window.

See that light in the window. I wonder who set it there. "Oh!" you say, "my father who went into glory must have set that light in the window." No; guess again. "My mother, who died fifteen years ago in Jesus, I think must have set that light there." No; guess again. You say: "My darling little child, that last summer I got away for the resurrection, and she must have set that light there in the window." No; guess again. Jesus set it there; and he will keep it burning until the day we put our finger on the latch of the door and go in to be at home forever. Oh! when my sight gets black in death, put on my eyelids that sweet ointment. When in the last weariness I cannot take another step, just help me put my foot on that doorsill. When my ear catches no more the voices of wife and child, let me go right in, to have my deafness cured by the stroke of the harpers whose fingers fly over the strings with the anthems of the free. Heaven never burns down! The fires of the last day, that are already kindled in the heart of the earth, but are hidden because God keeps down the hatches—those internal fires will after a while break through the crust, and fling the pinins, and the mountains, and the seas will be consumed, and the flames will rise and curl long arms into the skies; but all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that heavenly temple than the fires of the setting sun which kindle up the window glass of the house on yonder hill top. On, blessed land! But I do not want to go there until I see the Brooklyn Tabernacle rebuilt. You say, "Will it be?" You might as well ask me if the sun will rise to-morrow morning, or if the next spring will put garlands on its head. You and I may not do it—you and I may not live to see it; but the church of God does not stand on two legs nor on a thousand legs.

How did the Israelites get through the Red sea? I suppose somebody may have come and said, "There is no use of trying; your feet will get your feet wet; you will spoil your clothes; you will drown yourselves. Whoever heard of getting through such a sea as that?" How did they get through it? Did they go back? No. Did they go to the right? No. Did they go to the left? No. They went forward in the strength of the Lord Almighty; and that is the way we mean to get through the Red sea. By going forward. "But," says some one, "if we should build a larger church would you be able with your voice to fill it?" Why, I have been wearing myself out for the last sixteen years in trying to keep my voice in. Give me room where I can preach the glories of Christ and the grandeurs of heaven.

Forward! We have to march on, breaking down all bridges behind us, making retreat impossible. Throw away your knapsack if it impedes your march. Keep your sword arm free. Strike for Christ and his kingdom while you may. No people ever had a better mission than you are sent on. Prove yourselves worthy. If I am not fit to be your leader, lay me aside. The brightest goal on earth that I can think of is a country parsonage amidst the mountains. But I am not afraid to lead you. I have some dollars; they are at your disposal. I have good physical health; it is yours as long as it lasts. I have enthusiasm of soul; I will not keep it back from your service. I have some faith in God, and I shall direct it toward the rebuilding of our new spiritual house. Come on, then! I will lead you.

Welcome, New Tabernacle!

Come on, ye aged men, not yet passed over Jordan. Give us one more lift before you go into the promised land. You men in middle life, harness all your business faculties to this enterprise. Young man, put the fire of your soul in this work. Let women consecrate their persuasivene sand persistence to this cause, and they will be preparing benedictions for their dying hour and everlasting rewards; and if Satan really did burn that Tabernacle down, as some people say he did, he will find it the poorest job he ever undertook.

Good-by, old Tabernacle! I put my fingers to my lips and throw a kiss to the departed church. In the last day may we be able to meet the songs there sung, and the prayers there offered, and the sermons there preached. Good-by, old place, where some of us first felt the Gospel peace, and others heard the last message ere they fled away into the skies! Good-by, Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1873! But welcome our new church (I see it as plainly as though it were already built!). Your gates wider; your songs more triumphant; your ingatherings more glorious. Rise out of the ashes, and greet our waiting vision! Burst on our souls, oh day of our church's resurrection! By your altars may we be prepared for the hour when the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. Welcome, Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1890!

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Ringbone.

H. S. C., Sweet Chalybeate Springs, Va.: If your horse has been troubled with ringbone for more than three months, the growth is completed, and it cannot be reduced. When first discovered the parts should be fomented with hot water for say two days, to reduce inflammation. If on the fore leg put on a thin heeled bar shoe; if on the hind leg the animal should wear a high-heeled shoe. The treatment of ringbone in old horses is not always attended with satisfactory results, but in young animals a cure when the case has not run for more than three months may be affected. Most people expect a cure too soon. The following, well rubbed in once a day, applying in the morning, washing off with warm soapsuds water in the evening, and re-applying for a week, will bring about a cure in many cases. If it is not successful after the first course of treatment, repeat after two weeks: Powdered cantharides, 1 oz.; rosin, in small lard, 4 oz.; oil of origanum, ½ oz.; bisiodide of mercury, (red iodide) ½ drachm. Melt the resin and lard and stir in the other ingredients thoroughly when nearly cold. Heal with fresh lard. Many veterinarians believe in firing the parts at once, and afterward blistering two or three times. The cauterizing should be done by a veterinary, as one not acquainted with how to apply the iron may do great harm.

Blind Staggers.

Uncle Dick, Mansfield, Mo.: If the pulse is full when a horse is attacked with blind staggers, take four quarts of blood from the jugular vein, but if the pulse is feeble and quick, take no blood. Give this to the horse: Six drachms powdered aloes, 1 drachm calomel. If this does not act thoroughly, repeat on third day. Bathe the head with common salt, saltpetre, and ammoniac, of each 4 ozs. Mix in a gallon of water. After the attack has ceased, if there is palsy of the hind limbs, give 3 grains of strychnine twice a day, increasing it 1 grain every three days until a 10-grain dose is reached.

Osteo Sarcoma.

Mrs. E. L. D., Akin, Ill.: The above named disease is considered by many veterinarians incurable. It is confined largely to the western and southern states, although cures are said to have been made. The treatment that has been practiced has been to make an incision through the skin and insert a small quantity of arsenic, or to score the face with a red-hot iron. The latter, it is claimed, has resulted in cures in many cases. Mr. G. W. Boles, of Cincinnati, in his treatment of the disease, used the following ointment, and was very successful: Mercurial ointment, 1 oz.; iodine ointment, 2 ozs. Mix well for use. He gave internally at the same time: Calomel, 1 oz.; iodide of potassa, 2 ozs.; pulverized gentian root, 1½ ozs. Made into 20 powders; one to be given night and morning. While under treatment, the animal must be kept dry, in a well ventilated stable, and the body kept warm. Stop giving condition powders.

Impure Blood in Cow.

A. W., Mendon, Massachusetts: The bunches that appeared on your cow and the lameness are the outcome from the cow losing her calf. Injections at the time were necessary to wash out the impurities, but as this occurred last May, it would be well now for you to begin by giving the cow three-fourths of a pound of Epsom salts in warm water. In which she is stirred a cupful of molasses. After this give 1 tbsp. of sulphur, 8 ozs.; ginger, ½ oz every third day for two weeks. Keep the cow in comfortable quarters; also, put an ounce of saltpetre in her drinking water twice a day for four days. For the weakness in back, take two quarts of water, put two tablespoonfuls of turpentine in it. Dip a piece of coarse flannel in this and with a brush, so that the water will not run out of it. Lay it on the small of the back of the cow and put another blanket over it. Apply this for three or four days,

Do Not Ask Us.

NOTE—The editor is frequently asked what he thinks of certain kinds of condition powders, caustic balsam and blistering preparations. They may be very good or very bad, but as the editor has plenty to do to attend to other questions he can give no opinion on preparations placed upon the market for sale. One thing is certain of condition powders—they are too freely given by hundreds of men owning horses. They are often given when an entirely different thing is necessary. Better consult a veterinarian if there is one near you, than to attempt to doctor your horse yourself. We shall endeavor to answer all questions asked, excepting such as are named above.

Mare Out of Condition—Worms.

G. A. U., Carbondale, Kan.: You do not say with what kind of worms your horse is troubled. For round worms, take of powdered sulphate of iron 8 ozs., manna, a sufficiency. Beat up into 12 boluses and give one night and morning. After the last bolus is given administer this cathartic; powdered aloes 3 drs., bicarbonate of soda 1 oz. Give in a pint of warm water. If the horse has pin worms, take of liquor of percuiride of iron 2 ozs., freshly made lime water 1 qt. First clear out the rectum with an ordinary soap and water injection, and then inject the above. Feed bran mashes once a day for five or six days after injection.

Megrims.

P. B., Jarrett, Minn.: Your two-year-old colt is suffering from megrims, a trouble resulting from tight-fitting collars, worms, and other causes. In this there is a determination of blood to the head. The animal at times falls down, but soon recovers, and is nervous for hours after ward. Give him a cathartic of 2½ drachms powdered aloes and an ounce of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. Reduce his feed and [illegible] no corn for some time to come. Overfeeding is a source of excitement in megrims. Follow this with columba, powdered, 2 drachms; common salt and fenugreek of each, 1 drachm. Mix with molasses for a ball. Give this twice a week for a month. Keep the bowels regular with bran mashes. Watch his feces, and you will discover if he has round or pin worms. If so, see medicine for worms in this number. Give your colt only about one-half of amount named.

Obstructed Teat in Cow.

M. B., Dudley, Ohio: There is no danger, we think, that you cow will lose her teat. Obstructions in the teat are no uncommon thing. Small tumors form in the milk ducts. These usually point and break, but sometimes the enlargement is permanent. It seems that the one in your cow's teat is of a permanent kind. You can remove it by a blunt end steel probe, having triangular sharp edges projecting about an inch below the end. This cuts the tumor, and opens the passage. While healing a well oiled quill may be inserted with a circular leather collar, which may be kept in place by a piece of sticking plaster and removed while milking, or a wooden peg may be used with a head on it. A milking tube should be used while milking. Be careful not to make it so long as to touch the udder.

Fistulous Withers.

J. C. B., Ellis Prairie, Missouri: As the fistula is an old one, take a knife and open it up well. Then inject into it this: Carbolic acid, ¼ oz.; water, one pint. Use this for one day and next day the following: Chloride of zinc, 1 drachm; water 1 pint. Keep alternating these washes every day. In an old case like the above, the services of a vetinary would be greatly beneficial, as he could tell you just how far the disease has progressed and all necessary measures to be taken. In using the above injections be sure and get to the bottom of the fistula.

Enlargement at Stifle Joint, Supposed to be from Kick of Another Horse.

H. W. E. Henshaw, East Tennessee: For the enlargement on stifle joint of your horse, use this: Iodine, ½ oz.; glycerine and murcurial ointment, of each 2 ozs.; olive or sweet oil 6 ozs. Run the part affected once a day, wash off with warm water and soap, and reapply. Keep this up for at least a week. Corrosive sublimate, referred to in your letter, will blemish. You did a most unwise thing to lance the swelling. If there is a part that is not healed, do not rub any of the above ointment in it. Such cases require something stronger than an ordinary liniment.

Break Down in Pigs.

P. A. P., (no state): If your pigs are sucklings give the sow an ounce of salts in soft feed once a day, giving two doses. Then take of charcoal, 7 ozs.; sulphur, 2 ozs.; salt, a tablespoonful, and give a tablespoonful in feed twice a day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Sunflower Seeds.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—When I consider the many million dozens of eggs that are imported into the United States annually, and knowing they are admitted free of duty, I feel there should be a duty placed on them, or something done to make them so cheap that importers cannot profit by importing them into our country. I am always ready and willing to do small favors to advance the welfare of farmers, and having a half bushel of Russian sunflower seeds that I can spare, I will send to any one sending a self-addressed stamped envelope, I will send 50 seeds of the above named variety. There is nothing more productive and no food fed to hens that will produce as many eggs. This offer is more for the benefit of new subscribers, as you probably have many thousands. I am taking seven papers and prefer the dear old, keen-cutting BLADE to all the rest combined.—EDWIN REYNOLDS, Metomen, Fon du Lac county, Wis.

Distemper in Horses.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will "E. L. M." of Farmersville, Ill., give his remedy for distemper in horses? He gave his remedy for founder in horses in BLADE August 22, 1889.—F. D. HULL, Waynesville, Ill.

Windmill for Pumping Water.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some of the many readers of THE BLADE tell me how to construct a good windmill for pumping water?—J. B. THOMPSON, Conway Springs, Kan.

Black Leg.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—If C. F., of Cenova, S. D., will give saltpeter occasionally to his stock, it will prevent their having the black-leg, or bloody murrain, as it is sometimes called. Salts and sulphur are also good as a preventative. The disease is evidently caused by thickening of the blood.—SUBCRIBER, Correctionville, Iowa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bran and Oil-Meal.

It is only in exceptional cases that the farmer can afford to purchase feed for stock. Nearly or quite all the food necessary to keep and fatten the stock for market should be raised upon the farm. But oil-meal and bran can, in nearly all cases, be purchased and fed to stock with profit, and there are few materials that will add as much to the value of other materials, or will increase the value of the manure to the extent that this will.

It is not altogether in their value themselves as it is the increased value they give to other materials in making up what we may term complete rations that they can be used with profit.

In order to feed stock during growth as economically as possible, it is an item to lessen the amount of grain fed. Not that stock can be properly prepared for market with no grain, but by using bran and oilmeal in connection with other materials, the amount of grain can be materially decreased.

One of the strongest reasons for its use, especially during the winter, when stock must depend almost entirely upon dry food, such as straw, hay, sheaf or unthreshed oats, and corn fodder, and with oil-meal make up a ration that will supply all the elements of nutrition.

In most localities the better plan is to secure a supply in the fall sufficient to last the greater part of the winter. It should be stored in bins or boxes where it is reasonably certain to keep dry. If it can be kept perfectly dry it will keep in a good condition for feeding a long time without deteriorating in quality, while it can be secured at a less cost at this time than later.

The best results can be secured if the feed is cut before mixing the bran, straw, unthreshed oats, hay and fodder, if run through a cutter, and then a small quantity of bran and oil meal is added, very little grain will be required to keep all the growing and breeding stock in a good condition, and especially so if a comfortable shelter is provided, in addition; and the cost will be considerably less than if grain must be supplied.

When fattening stock, grain must be largely depended upon to finish for market. And with these two materials, used in connection with the grain ration fed, the stock will require but a light feed of grain; and in a majority of cases the less grain fed the lower the cost.—*N. J. S., in Prairie Farmer.*

Ridge Culture of Potatoes.

Noticing the trench mode of planting Irish potatoes, of your correspondent, C. A. B. (p. 727), I beg leave to give you my mode in contrast. I break my land well in the fall and let it rest until the first open spell in January or February. Then I harrow it well, have my seed cut, and plant with potato planter in rows 32 inches wide, dropping the seed from 10 to 12 inches apart. No fertilizer is used. I let the plants alone until the shoots begin to show themselves above ground; then take a single-horse plow and cover them back, throwing on two furrows, and let them rest until they begin to show themselves again. I then treat them as at first, covering them back the second time, and leaving them undisturbed by cultivator, weeding and hoeing—see more the better; the weeds shade and protect the tubers from the hot sun.

I have practiced this mode for two years, and the result last year was rather better than the present. I dug over 100 barrels of smooth, nice, marketable potatoes to the acre. I have just dug and sold 620 barrels from nine acres in my field, or 62 barrels to the acre, and sold them for 60 cents per barrel. Cutting, planting and digging did the job. By this mode the potatoes made above the level of the ground, and consequently were smoother and went to market nicer than if raised below the level of the ground. We use no barnyard manure or other fertilizer with the potatoes, as the grub is less liable to trouble them.

Our crops this year are generally good except fruit, which is a general failure—almost total. Wheat and corn first rate; so were clover and grass. We have fat stock.—*J. B. M., in Country Gentleman.*

A Cow's Demands.

A cow of mine has well-settled convictions respecting rights of animals. She firmly believes she is as much entitled to meal as I am to milk. She has converted me to her opinion, or rather, forced me to acquiesce, writes H. T. Brooks, in New York *Tribune*. In the spring after she calved I gave her night and morning, at milking time, a feed of bran and meal. When the grass improved I omitted the bran and meal, but proposed to milk her all the same. She objected to this arrangement, kicked and walked spitefully away. My man and I got her into close quarters, held her fast, determined to have milk at our own terms, but Crumple Horns was just as determined that we shouldn't have it. We soon found that the cow controlled the supplies; she determined not to "give down" her milk. We took to coaxing and patting her, persistently, but gently, squeezed her teats; it availed little; we retired, worsted, thinking we would get a double portion in the morning; but in the morning she gave us little more than half her usual quantity, and so on for a week. I saw that without meal she would diminish her milk and soon dry up. I said to my hired man, "Bad luck to the fellow that quarrels with his cow; we should remember that in all milking arrangements the cow is one party concerned, in fact, the party of the first part. Unless we can be on good terms with our cow we would better not have one. Thinking it all over, I believe the cow is in the right. She gave us a good mess of milk for a moderate feed of meal, and we have no right to ask her to do better than that; we will give meal night and morning as long as we milk her." This we did, and she nearly came back to her former quantity; a cow allowed to fail away doesn't entirely recover. I record the particulars of this controversy with my cow because it forcibly suggests several important considerations. 1. A cow has almost unlimited control over her milk; she bestows or withholds it at pleasure. It is therefore essential that the cow have no cause for complaint; she should sustain amicable relations with her milker; anything offensive in his deportment, an angry word, rough, uncourteous manners, sharp finger nails; any annoyance whatever, such as a sore teat, troublesome flies, everything that is disagreeable, in a greater or less degree lessens the flow of milk, and prematurely dries up the cow. A cow taken to a new place shrinks in her milk, and seldom recovers for a whole year. A cow should be milked by the same person.

2. The great liking cows have for bran and meal shows they are adapted to the animal's necessities. While no single food is better than grass, fed alone it does not give the best quality of milk or the greatest quantity. A little meal may be profitably fed, even when grass is abundant and in its best condition—my cow demanded it, and she was right. As the grass grows less in quantity and poorer, I increase the meal and put it on green corn-stalks cut fine. Some persons object to feeding cows at milking-time because they are uneasy and troublesome if the customary allowance is withheld. Then don't withhold it. It pays to feed meal to cows giving milk, and if a cow insists on having it every time, as mine does, she does a good turn by forcing us to be regular. Of all losses incurred by American farmers, scarcely any one is greater than that which comes from allowing cows to fail in their milk for want of enough food of a kind that answers their needs.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Pas Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's. weekly review of trade dated New York, October 19, says: As before, themoney market is one point of anxiety. Rates are higher, but perhaps apprehension is somewhat lessened, as the senseless cry that the pressure was only manipulated, has given place to a more rational understanding of the reality and consequent limitations of the demand. The country still calls for money largely, but reports from nearly all interior centers of supply show that the supply is considered ample for commercial needs.

The volume of trade continues large; bank clearings exceed last year's, railroad earnings are encouraging and east-bound shipments from Chicago are heavy. At Chicago the dry goods trade for the week falls below that of the corresponding week of last year, and receipts of wool and lard fall off in the same, but coal receipts are larger and receipts of grain and provisions show a good increase. St. Paul rejoices in the movement of "Minnesota's largest crop," and railroad reports indicate that northwestern lines are choked with the enormous receipts from farms. Cleveland notes activity in all lines with small sales of ore because unsold supplies are scarce. There is little activity in coal at Pittsburg, but glass works are busy at old prices; iron and steel works are all busy with prices well held, and the coke output at Connellsville is reported in excess of demand by one day's work each week.

The iron trade is still healthy, southern furnaces seeming to have well sold up, and though an offer of a Lehigh valley brand No. 1 at $16.50 is reported, the quotation for pig is $17 to $18. Bar iron is not as firm as other forms, the surprisingly heavy demand for plates and structural forms is for steel rather than iron. Rails are quoted at $31.50, with sales for the week of 57,500 tons. An offer for 5,000 tons of American iron to be shipped to Scotland failed because freights were too high.

The wool trade is still dull, and while there is a fair movement of dress goods and enlarged discounts have caused more business in knit goods, the demand for men's woolens is strictly moderate.

Speculation for higher prices in wheat have been active and bullish on government reports, and heavy northwestern receipts, with scanty exports, combine to depress prices, which have fallen 2½c for the week, with sales of 31,000,000 bushels, against 20,000,000 on last week, Friday alone. Corn has declined ¾ and oats 1½c, while pork products, though still sustained by the clique are a little lower. Coffee has yielded a quarter, is weak at Rio, trade is suspicious, on better knowledge of the yield than has been forwarded.

The coal business is better with cooler weather, but by no means satisfactory; stock at tidewater increased 81,000 tons in September, and the Reading company has temporarily stopped nine of its collieries, including two of its largest.

The price of raw sugar again declined an eighth, and refined a quarter, and a circular announces the approaching opening of the Spreckles' refinery, but the fall in sugar trust stock has been arrested by an upward reaction.

The stock market resists tight money stubbornly, but has yielded an average of 1 per cent per share on active railroad stocks, with some recovery, however, on Friday. It is the theory of some western managers that an advance in prices, just before the meeting of the legislatures in granger states, would be more unfortunate. But the more generally controlling influence is a conviction that the western competition threatens unchecked, and is not restrained by the fear of anti-trust act or by the good sense of managers, while for the present monetary uncertainties are also felt.

MISSOURI MINERS.

Tyranny and Oppression on the Part of Operators—Incredible Meanness.

State Labor Commissioner Meriwether has returned to Jefferson City from a tour of inspection among the coal mines in the northern counties of Missouri. He reports on the part of some operators, methods of tyranny and oppression, and violations of the law so flagrant and of such long standing that it would be difficult to believe them, did not the commissioner have sworn documents proving the truth of every statement made.

It seems incredible that mine operators in this state should pay their men in pasteboard checks that are not redeemable in cash for ten years, yet Commissioner Meriwether shows that one company has been doing this very thing for a number of years.

"The law," said Meriwether, "requires corporations to redeem all checks or tokens of indebtedness issued to their employes, within 30 days after the date or delivery of the same, or upon the first payday subsequent to the day on which such checks or tokens of indebtedness are issued.

"This law is laid down so plainly and explicitly that he hesitated to believe any company in Missouri made it a practice to issue checks to their employes, and refuse to redeem such checks in cash until the expiration of ten years. Several miners were discharged by this company because they did not trade enough at the company's store. This is true of this company is true of nearly all the others.

Unredeemed Checks.

Much destitution exists among the large number of foreign laborers who have been employed during the past summer in the canninghouse of Lynches, Kent county, Missouri, owing, it is said, to the departure of the manager of the cannery without making provision for the redemption of brass checks given to the employes as evidence of indebtedness.

The stores formerly received the checks in payment for supplies, but now refuse to honor them, and the foreigners are left with no protection except rude board tents and with nothing to eat, and no way of returning to their homes.

THE WHISKY TRUST.

An Active Meeting in Chicago—To Freeze Out the Small Fry.

The whisky trust was in session in Chicago for several days last week. It is engaged in a desperate struggle for the complete control of the market, the outcome of which is to determine whether it is eventually to prove a success or failure. As everybody knows, it already has within its clutches all the western distilleries save about half a dozen.

The fight of the trust against those outside of the trust has been a bitter one always, but now it is being carried on with more than its usual energy. The trust has determined to undersell the outside distillers at every point, and the result of the competition thus brought about has been a reduction of about three cents within the last four or five weeks.

The latter reduction is said to be due wholly to the fight of the trust against outside distillers, the former, however, may be accounted for in part by the cheapness of corn, and improvements in the process of manufacture. The occasion for the present special activity of the trust is probably found in the fact that a number of new distilleries had been projected, or put in operation.

The distillers outside the trust were evidently prosperous. Scores of capitalists knew of the immense profits of the whisky business and talked of going into it, feeling assured that even if they could not succeed they could sell out to the trust without much loss and generally the case had reached a stage where something must be done to demonstrate to outsiders that the trust was master of the situation and that nobody could succeed outside the trust.

The wholesale dealers as a rule seem to regret the success and prospects of the trust; they think it will compell them to pay higher prices and that they will not be able to make their present profits because they cannot in turn increase the prices charged to consumers. It is generally understood that the trust has a large surplus—estimated at from $250,000 to $500,000—out of the profits of past business, and that it is ready to spend all of this and more to make its power indisputable.

POLITICAL.

GROVER ON DECK.

His Letter to the Democratic Clubs of Pennsylvania.

The first general assembly of the Democratic societies of Pennsylvania met in Philadelphia on Oct. 16. Over 900 delegates, representing Democratic clubs in all parts of the state, are in attendance. President Black, in calling the assembly to order, spoke at considerable length.

His reference to ex-President Cleveland evoked round after round of cheers. The enthusiasm grew stronger and stronger as the speaker proceeded with his remarks. His reference to tariff tax, as he termed it, "pillaging the mass to enrich the class," evoked expressions of approval.

A temporary organization was effected by the unanimous election of W. H. Hensel, of Lancaster, as president, and Maj. John D. Worman, of Philadelphia, as secretary.

The chair announced that he had two letters to read, and then proceeded to read one from ex-Speaker Randall, who said that he should go to Washington before the assembly took place and therefore could not be present. He hoped that the meeting would be successful in every particular, and said:

"Organization is what is needed in our state, and every effort in that direction should receive the encouragement and support of every Democrat in our good old commonwealth."

The letter of ex-President Cleveland was then read and the scene was almost beyond description. The delegates cheered until they could cheer no more by reason of exhaustion. The letter was as follows:

My estimate of the value of these Democratic societies as agents for the instruction of the people upon political topics and for the accomplishment of legitimate political work is well known, and there never was a time when in the interest of good government and national prosperity they were more needed.

The condition of political affairs is such that the attention of all true Democrats should be directed to the enforcement of the distinctive principles of the party, and in my opinion this is no time for the search after makeshifts and temporary expedients. We as a party are fairly enlisted in the cause of the people and patriotism; duty and party success require that we should be consistent and steadfast.

All personal and selfish aims should be subordinated. I confidently expect that in the work we have in hand our Democratic societies will exhibit an efficiency which will be gratefully acknowledged by all who have at heart the welfare and prosperity of the American people.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

The Legislature Meets to Elect Two U. S. Senators.

The South Dakota legislature met in both branches on Oct. 16, and voted for U. S. Senators. The vote stood:

	House.	Senate.	Total.
Pettigraw, Rep.....	108	41	149
Tripp, Dem.....	14	4	18
Moody, Rep.....	107	41	148
Day, Dem.....	14	4	18

The legislature in joint session will formally ratify the action of both

WASHINGTON--Continued.

APPOINTMENTS.

A Number of People Made Happy by the President.

Presidential postmasters were appointed as follows on Oct. 17:

E. T. Lee, at Lamar, Col., vice J. C. Outhouse, removed; Jay L. Hamlin, at Kankakee, Ill., vice John H. Shafer, removed; Emma E. Pullmer, at Onarva, Ill., vice A. L. Palmer, deceased; Henry T. Rockwell, at St. Charles, Ill., vice J. T. Dougherty, removed; Morrel Fuller, at Ellis, Kans., vice Wm. D. Kelly, removed; Isaac E. Lambert, at Emporia, Kan., vice Marshall Birdsall, removed; Wm. M. Chambers, at Stockton, Kan., vice P. H. McKanna, resigned; Arthur E. Bailey, at Cassopolis, Mich., vice E. H. Glover, removed; Edwin B. Phinney, at East Saginaw, Mich., vice M. V. Meredith, resigned; Samuel M. Billings, at Marquette, Mich., vice James Russell, removed; Charles E. Wells, at St. Ignace, Mich., vice M. E. Melerone, removed; Charles E. S. Osborne, at Sault Ste Marie, Mich., vice L. P. Tremper, Resigned; Isaac G. Hiller, at Greenville, O., vice D. S. Hine, resigned; John C. Ardrey, at Arlington, Ore., office became presidential; Thor Forbelson, at Black River Falls, Wis., vice G. W. Lewis, removed; Hamilton A. Adams, at Huntington, W. Va., vice C. L. Thompson, removed; J. C. De Gress, at Austin, Tex., vice J. O. Johnson, removed.

The President made the following appointments on Oct. 16:

JOSEPH P. THROOP, of Indiana, to be collector of internal revenue for the seventh district of Indiana, vice Mahlon D. Manson, resigned; LYMAN S. METCALF, of Missouri, to be appraiser of merchandise for the port of St. Louis, Mo.; CHARLES F. WENNEKER, of Missouri, to be collector of internal revenue for the first district of Missouri.

The President appointed the following postmasters on Oct. 19: John H. Denton, at Aurora, Ind., vice E. F. H. Gibon, removed, and W. B. Ellis, at Washington, Ind., vice Stephen Baldin, resigned.

PENSION COMMISSIONER.

Gen. Green B. Raum to Succeed Corporal Tanner—How the Appointment is Received by the Public.

The President appointed Gen. Green B. Raum, of Illinois, to be Commissioner of Pensions, on Oct. 19.

[Green B. Raum is known to the people of the world as a soldier and politician. He was born at Golconda, Ill., December 3, 1829. With a common school education, he studied law, and practiced sixteen years, acquiring a lucrative practice. He was an anti-slavery Democrat, and made the first war speech in Southern Illinois at Metropolis, April 25, 1861. He joined the Union forces on the first call, and was made major of the 40th Illinois regiment on September 4. He participated in the siege and subsequent battle at Corinth, where he led his regiment. On July 21, 1862, he was made colonel; brevet brigadier-general, August, 1864; brigadier-general, December, 1864. He took an active part in the campaign of Central Mississippi. He was severely wounded in the battle of Mission Ridge but rejoined his command at Huntsville, Ala., February 15, 1864. He held Resaca against Hood and accompanied old Tecumseh on his famous march to the sea. He resigned May 6, 1865, and was elected a member of Congress from 1867 to 1869. In 1876 he was president of the Illinois Republican convention, and in the same year he was a delegate to the National convention of that party in Cincinnati. He was appointed commissioner of internal revenue August 2, 1878, and retained the office till the 31st of May, 1885. During this period he collected $850,000,000 and disbursed $30,000,000 without loss. He wrote "Reports" of his bureau for seven successive years. He is also the author of "The History of Conflict Between Republican Government and Southern Oligarchy." After leaving the commissioner's office, he acquired a large and lucrative practice at law in Washington, and was a candidate for the United States Senate against Logan when the late Senator was elected the second time.]

Gen. Raum's Appointment Hailed With Delight at the Capitol.

It is believed in Washington that the President has made a first rate selection in naming Gen. Green B. Raum, of Illinois, to be commissioner of pensions.

Gen. Raum has a good war record and his years of experience at the head of the Internal Revenue bureau is a guarantee that he will not make the mistakes which occurred under Corporal Tanner.

General Raum is a firm and capable man, thoroughly acquainted with the details of government work, and here, where well known, the selection gives general satisfaction.

To THE BLADE correspondent Gen. Raum said: "I will do my best to discharge my duties as pension commissioner faithfully and well, and think I can give the country and the old soldiers satisfaction."

Senator Manderson, one of few Republican senators in town, heartily endorsed Gen. Raum's appointment.

The selection was a surprise to nearly every one here, as his name had only been incidentally mentioned in connection with the place.

It is said Senator Mitchell, some time ago, suggested to the President that Mr. Raum would be a good man, but made no special effort in his behalf.

Secretary Rusk is believed to have had most to do with the selection which does not appear to have had any Illinois help at all.

This is the most definite news obtainable as to the causes which led to Gen. Raum's appointment. Wednesday last Secretary Rusk went to him and said:

"The President is going to send for you and offer you the pension commissionership. If you don't take it I'll come around with a shotgun and shoot you."

THE COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

What the Investigators Found in Corporal Tanner's Office.

The report of the commission to investigate the office of Commissioner Tanner covers a little more than eighteen printed pages, and is dated September 5, 1889. It is addressed to "Hon. Cyrus Bussey, assistant secretary of the Interior," and is signed by "George Ewing, F. M. Campbell, H. L. Bruce, special board of examiners." Accompanying the report, and made a part of it, are 465 exhibits, representing the analysis of that number of cases, each of which, says the report, has been passed on in theory and practice, a large number of claims. The board, in its report, says:

"On the 23d day of July we called upon Commissioner Tanner, presented a copy of our instructions, and were informed by him that he was pleased to know that such investigation was to be made, and at once provided a room for our occupancy, and offered any other facilities necessary to aid us in the prosecution of the work."

The report then says there were no records in the office showing scientifically the number of cases which had been rerated during the period suggested in the assistant secretary's order, and that, until a period commencing September, 1888, the rerated cases were all included in the record among the reissues for all purposes.

Commencing, however, with September 1, 1888, and continuing through each succeeding month, the certificate division has not done its record of all reissues of certificates numbered below 171,000, those which have been reissued for the purpose of correction or changing the rate. On examination the board ascertained that the issue of certificates No. 171,000 to 180,000 was the work down to about July 1, 1889, the date when the arrears act of March 3, 1879, took effect, and it also appeared that a much larger proportion of the certificates issued prior to that date had been rated than of those issued subsequently. The report, therefore, confines all cases numbered below 171,000 rerated during the months of December, 1888, and January, February, March, April, May, June and July, 1889.

A statement showing the total number of cases rerated during the eight months specified, and also showing that in about 83 per cent of the total number of cases rerated the rerating extends back to the date of discharge is given, and the comment is made that the statement indicates that there has been a substantial increase in the number of cases rerated from month to month, during this period which the report says, is indicative of what is apparently an established policy of the bureau, the result of which, if continued, will be to readjudicate and rerate a very large percentage of the cases in the admitted lists. The report continues:

"The mode of procedure in the majority of cases is about as follows: Pensioners, prompted by the present liberal policy of the bureau, in making application, also in the same application request a rerating, giving no specific reasons therefor, but stating generally that they have been rated too low, or this question is considered on an application for increase alone, and in very many cases it is considered and action taken without so far as the record shows a request having been made for such action on the part of the pensioner."

Several exhibits attached to the report are cited and analyzed as illustrative of the methods generally pursued in rerating cases.

Two cases rerated prior to Mr. Tanner's taking office are cited as illustrative of the methods which then prevailed. Of these cases the report says:

"It becomes apparent that, so far as any rule of action prevailed, there was not, generally speaking, a wide difference between the principles which governed rerating in December, 1888, and those which governed in May, 1889."

The cases which are analyzed and cited in the report are in all important particulars substantially of the same general character as those cited in Secretary Noble's letter to Commissioner Tanner, dated July 24 last.

WINDOM TALKS.

He Thinks There is no Danger of a Tight Money Market.

A Washington correspondent on Oct. 21, had an interview with Secretary Windom, in regard to the money market. He was asked whether he feared a stringency, or knew anything of a corner in the bond market, arranged to force the treasury to raise the price for bonds. He replied:

I can see no indications of a stringent money market. As far as I can learn, there is no abnormal demand for money; nothing more than what there usually is at this time of the year. The interior has made the customary demand on New York, but crops have been pretty well moved and money appears to be reasonably plentiful.

Can you detect any signs of a bond corner? Have you any information as to whether the bonds, or a majority of them, are in the hands of a few people, or are they pretty well scattered?

I have heard nothing to lead me to believe that there is a syndicate attempting to get control of the bonds. I believe that the registered bonds are pretty well scattered. There are some 400,000 holders of this class.

The unregistered bonds, of course, we cannot tell anything about. Some of the former bonds may have been transferred of late by their original holders, and the treasury department would not necessarily know anything about that, but I have not heard that such transfers have been made, or that bonds are being absorbed by a few people.

If money was tight and commanded heavy interest, would not the holders of bonds be more anxious to sell than they are now?

That would naturally seem to be so, but the purchases have not been small by any means. They can tell about what they have been for some little time back. I cannot give you the exact figures, as I have not been signing the mail during the last few days, and Assistant Secretary Batchelder has acted as secretary while I have been busy on my report, but I believe that we purchased last week about $3,000,000 worth of bonds. The money we are disbursing in the purchase of bonds is about equal to the daily surplus—that is, to the excess of revenue over disbursements.

Suppose there was danger of a stringent money market, would you feel justified in paying more for bonds than you are at the present time?

I should not like to answer that question offhand, and should want to know the extent of the danger before I should act. The surplus, however, in any case, is in the hands of the people at present.

In what way?

By having distributed among the national banks. The policy inaugurated by the last administration in this respect has not been disturbed as yet.

But the banks are naturally not loaning this money as freely as they would if it were not subject to call.

That need not cause them any apprehensions, as the deposits are covered by bonds, and if they need more they have only to present the bonds and the money will be forthcoming. The amount to be distributed among the banks will be governed largely by the amount of bonds offered. I do not believe that the majority paid the top prices for the bonds, and the loss would not in any event be greater now than it would be if the bonds were held until maturity.

Then you see nothing in the present outlook to cause any alarm?

I do not, and, unless something unforseen arises, there are no indications to point to a tight money market or an excessive demand for money which cannot be readily supplied.

MARITIME CONFERENCE.

The Delegates Discard Their Uniforms and Get Down to Business.

The members of the International Marine conference upon assembling for business, on Oct. 18, were found to have discarded gold lace, epaulettes and decorations, and were clad in the more sombre garb of the civilian. The assemblage had the general appearance of a meeting of business men, who were gathered for a purpose, which they knew how to secure. It was soon manifest that the two talking members of the conference were Messrs. Goodrich, of the United States delegation, and Mr. Hall, of the British. Both are especially nominally lawyers and fully informed as to the subject in hand.

The British delegates, except Mr. Hall, maintained perfect silence; he is their authorized spokesman, and while he is present the others have nothing to say. Mr. Goodrich's colleagues, however, occasionally found it suitable to supplement his efforts by remarks of their own.

The delegates from Norway and Sweden promise to become important members of the congress, and when better acquainted, these delegates, who are compelled to use the French language in addressing the conference, will doubtless be heard from more frequently.

A False Charge.

Among the most curious features of Washington newspaper life during the present administration has been the large amount of attention given by a certain class of correspondents to the domestic affairs of the White House. Every few days almost since the 4th of March, reports have been printed in various papers reflecting on Mrs. Harrison's management of her domestic affairs. Most of these reports have been fictions, pure and simple. One of the most widely circulated was one to the effect that Mrs. Harrison had discharged seven colored servants whom she found there on taking possession of the White House, replacing them with whites. "That's just a plain lie," said a white House attache when shown this report in print. "The fact that Mrs. Harrison brought with her a colored man who had been her driver in Indianapolis, and that the general brought along his colored barber, is answer enough to the statement that they do not like colored people.

One of the colored men dismissed by the Harrisons, had been stationed outside the private secretary's door for over 15 years. By what influence he retained his place that length of time, was always a mystery to all who had business at the White House, for he made himself highly objectionable to callers. His manner was offensive, and he boldly carried on, usually under the guise of charity or religion, a system of petty blackmail on those who desired to see the private secretary or the President. His dodge was to have always on hand tickets for some sort of charitable or church entertainment.

When a visitor came whom he thought not likely to buy a ticket he rang all the bells in the house and then told him up," as it were, before admitting him to the private secretary's room, and sell him one of these tickets. As he was said to be the owner of a number of houses and other property, it was generally believed that the tickets which he sold to White House visitors were specially prepared for his own use and the proceeds were turned into his own pockets.

Bussey and Tanner.

Gen. Bussey, as-sistant secretary of the Interior, was asked on October 18 what he had to say in regard to Commissioner Tanner's assertion that a member of the board of Pension Appeals wrote his (Bussey's) decisions in pension cases. Gen. Bussey said that any one familiar with the business of a public office must know that the head of the office could not do all the work himself.

"While it is true," he added, "that my decisions are written by others, yet they are prepared in accordance with my instructions, and after consultation with me. I could not pretend to do the work of writing out these decisions, but I can and do examine the cases, and upon the facts set forth, and in accordance with the law, I reach a conclusion which is set forth in the decision. As to that part of Mr. Tanner's interview in which he says that he was not able to find my decision reversing his $4 order in the pension office files, I have only to say that this order formed a portion of an opinion in a case, and as it was not elaborated as fully as I desired I withdrew it and substituted another decision, which set forth at length my views relative to the order, and gave the reasons for rescinding it. I made this decision in the regular course of business, and not especially because I wished to reverse any action of Mr. Tanner."

The Squadron of New Ships.

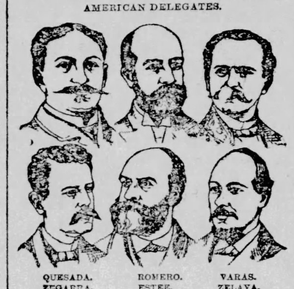
Rear Admiral Walker expects to sail with his squadron of new ships from New York about November 1. He will proceed first to Lisbon, and will then probably go to Fayal. It is his intention to keep the squadron together in order that fleet naval manoeuvers can be accomplished. The admiral expects that the trip across to Spain will take about two weeks. He will run the squadron under both steam and sail all the way over, and will keep the crews drilling most of the time.

The officers and crew of this, the first squadron of the new navy, are picked men, and it is expected that the new vessels and those who sail them will make an excellent impression abroad, and do much to elevate the naval power of this country in the estimation of foreign maritime countries. The squadron will probably not remain very long in European waters, as it is expected that the new vessels will keep on around the world, visiting most of the principal naval ports.

PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

HENDERSON. DAVIS. BLISS.
STUDEBAKER. CARNEGIE. TRESCOTT.

AMERICAN DELEGATES.



QUESADA. ROMERO. VARAS.
EZGARRA. ESTEE. ZELAYA.

FOREIGN DELEGATES.

The Delegates.

By reference to the sketches of the delegates it will be seen that the assembly is one of talented and trained diplomatists and scholarly men. It is peculiarly fortunate that it should be so, as the impression made by their visit to this country is therefore likely to be lasting, and will be sure to redound to our benefit when the distinguished foreigners shall have returned to their respective countries.

Senor Jeronimo Zelaya has been for several years minister of foreign affairs He was a delegate to the congress of the Central American states, which held its second session in Costa Rica last year.

Senor Matais Romero, the minister to this country, is a man of high rank in his own country and is well known in this, where he has represented his government in one capacity or another since 1859, when he came here as secretary of legation. He has always been most actively interested in establishing commercial intercourse between the two countries. He married an American lady, Miss Allen, of Philadelphia.

Judge Emilio C. Varas is the minister to this country, and has made quite a reputation in his own country as jurist, statesman, diplomat, newspaper man, and as professor in the school of public instruction. He was elected a member of the national congress soon after graduating, and was for several years justice of the court of Appeals, whence he was called to the Cabinet in 1885. After this he was director of the mint. In May, 1887, he was appointed minister to Brazil, and was transferred to this country in 1888. He has recently been decorated by the Emperor of Brazil with the Grand Cross of the Order of the White Rose.

Vincente Quesada is the Minister to this country. He is at present in Buenos Ayres, but will come to the United States in time to be present at the reconvening of the Congress in November. He has been a member of the national Parliament several times and of the provincial legislature. He has represented his government as Minister to Brazil. He is quite a linguist and has written several books in reference to diplomatic matters, and was chief of the Library of Buenos Ayres.

Senor Joe Ives Limantour is a gentleman of French extraction, who was born in Mexico, but had lived much of the time in Paris. He married the niece of the minister of Foreign Affairs of Mexico. He is a man of considerable culture.

Dr. J. N. Navarro has been the consul general in New York for several years.

Dr. Horacio Guzman is the well known minister at Washington. He is a graduate of medicine from a Philadelphia college, and was educated at the Georgetown college and married an American lady.

Senor Nicanor Bolet Peraza, the delegate from Venezuela, is the editor of an illustrated magazine in the Spanish language, published in New York.

Dr. F. C. C. Zegarra, the Peruvian minister, who is the delegate from that country, was educated in Washington and graduated at the Georgetown college.

Senor Jose Maria Camaano will attend the congress as minister plenipotentiary and Ecuadorian delegate. He is at present governor of the province of Guayaquil and has been granted a three months' leave of absence for this mission. He has served in both houses of congress, was four six years president of the Republic, and is a man of considerable attainment in the field of literature.

Dr. Fernando Cruz, who arrived in this country last June as minister, is the delegate from Guatemala to the congress. He has occupied many positions of distinction since his retirement from the professorship of law in the university of Guatemala. He has been on the bench of the highest court in his country, and under a commission from the government of Guatemala wrote a commentary on the laws of that country under the title of "Instituciones de Derecho." He has been a member of Congress and has occupied successively the position of secretary of the Interior, secretary of Foreign Affairs, secretary of Public Instruction and secretary of State. While secretary of the Interior he invited the government of the Central American states to a congress for the purpose of bringing about a more friendly and closer relationship, with a view ultimately to uniting the several governments in a union of states. He retired from the government in 1887. He is an accomplished scholar and linguist. At the dinner given by President Barrios to the South American commission Mr. Cruz was asked by the President to propose the health of the United States representatives. He did so, speaking first in English, then in German, then in French and then in Italian—in fact, in the language of every guest present.

Senor Roque Saenz Pena has been chairman of the Provincial legislature, assistant secretary of State and Chief of Registration of Properties. He was a delegate to the congress at Montevideo in 1888, is a trained diplomat and a good lawyer.

Senor Manuel Quintana is one of the most prominent men in his country. He has had considerable diplomatic experience, and was chairman of the Constitutional convention which met at Buenos Ayres. He has been vice-president of the national senate and a member of parliament. He was a delegate to the congress at Montevideo to adjust certain differences.

Counsellor Lafayette Rodrigues Pereira is one of the most distinguished men in Brazil and is a noted jurist (jurisconsult). He has been minister of state and president of the council, and was also president of the arbitration court, having jurisdiction of claims growing out of the late war between Chile, Peru and Bolivia. He is a trained diplomat, with much experience in international affairs.

Dr. Salvador de Mendonca was for many years consul general in New York and is well known there. He married an American wife.

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Senor Jose Alphonso is a graduate of the law at the University of Santiago and a distinguished magistrate. He has been judge of commerce in Valparaiso, the largest port in Chile, in the matter of all differences arising therein. He was secretary of the Treasury under President Anibal Pinto, 1876-81, and was some years ago one of the judges of the Court of Appeals. He is a Nestor, being ripe with age and legal knowledge.

Senor J. M. Hurtado is the representative of the Colombian government in the United States. He is an old merchant and was born in Panama. He was for many years in business in Lima, Peru, with the brother-in-law of Vice President Morton (Hobson), and went to London as the English representative of the firm. Hobson & Co. He has been a resident of this country for several years.

Senor Colombia Silva is the secretary of the Treasury at Bogota, is a very eminent man and takes especial rank as a financier.

Senor Climaco Calderon was for many years consul general to the United States.

Senor Manuel Aragon is one of the leading merchants of Costa Rica and has been president of the municipal government of the capital. He has been a member of the national congress and recently has been president of the congress. He was at one time minister of Finance. He speaks English fluently and is a fine orator. He has the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary in a special mission to the congress, and is accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Calvo.

IN DETROIT.

The Delegates Arrive on the Banks of the Beautiful River.

Though the train containing the Pan-American delegates arrived at Detroit, at 7 a. m., on October 17, after an easy run from Cleveland during the night, the party was not hurried at breakfast, and were not surrendered to the local committee of reception until 9 o'clock.

They were then conducted to the dock near the Union depot, where four steam yachts received them. The craft belonging to Hiram Walker, Senator McMillan, Alfred E Brush and Truman Newberry; and all prettily dressed in colors, steamed up the Detroit river, around Belle Isle and down to the exposition grounds and returned to the dock.

Thence the company was driven about the town, being served, en route, at the home of Senator McMillan, with luncheon. The diversion of a yacht ride was a much welcomed break in the round of factory inspection and travel upon wheels.

The day did not open auspiciously and a chill wind came in off the lake, bearing with it a light mist which was very uncomfortable to the natives of southern climates.

The delegates, however, were not long in sizing up the situation, and under instructions from Mr Curtis, took their heavy top coats with them for their journey on the river.

At 3 p. m. the travelers rejoined their train and started for Ann Arbor.

The Excursionists Viewed Chicago Suburbs on Monday.

The International excursionists began another week of sight-seeing on Monday morning, considerably refreshed by the day of rest afforded them Sunday. The committee whose duty it is to look after their comfort were early in attendance at the Grand Pacific hotel at Chicago, and waited patiently while the delegates swallowed a hasty breakfast.

The party then boarded a train of Pullman cars and in a few minutes were landed at the McCormick reaper works, the largest of their kind in the world. Owing to the press of time the inspection of this and other places was brief. Soon after 1 o'clock the excursionists were again taken aboard their train, bound for Pullman.

BRINGING FORTH FRUIT.

Chili Taking Steps Towards Reciprocal Trade With the United States.

Considerable comment is caused by the action of Chili in removing the duty on machinery, tools, iron, copper, telephones, pipes, and some other articles imported into that country from the United States. Chili's action shows an unexpectedly friendly feeling towards the United States, and this, the Peruvians always seem most actively interested in establishing commercial intercourse between the two countries. He married an American lady, Miss Allen, of Philadelphia.

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FOREIGN.

LUIS IS NO MORE.

The People of Portugal Called on to Mourn the Death of Their King.

The King of Portugal, who has been ill for some time, died at Lisbon on Oct. 19.

[Luis I. was born October 31, 1838, being the son of the late Queen Maria II., and of the late Prince Ferdinand, of Saxe-Coburg. He succeeded his brother, King Pedro V., November 11, 1861. The reigning dynasty of Portugal belongs to the House of Braganza, which dates back as far as the commencement of the fifteenth century, at which period Affonse, an illegitimate son of King Joao, or John I., was created by his father Duke of Braganza and Lord of the Guimarans. When the last male of Portuguese kings, of the House of Avis, became extinct by the death of King Sebastian, and of his nominal successor, Henrique, "the cardinal," Philip II. of Spain took possession of the country, claiming it by virtue of his descent from a Portuguese princess; but in disregard of the fundamental law of the country, passed in 1139, which excluded foreign princes from succession. After bearing the Spanish rule for half a century, the people of Portugal revolted and proclaimed Don Joao, the then Duke of Braganza, their king, he being the nearest heir to the throne, though of illegitimate issue. The duke assumed the title Joao IV, and the people called him "The Fortunate." From this Joao, through many vicissitudes of family, the late ruler of Portugal and the coming ruler descended. The duke of Braganza, eldest son of the late king, will succeed to the throne and assume the title of Carlos I.

The funeral of the late King will take place in the royal pantheon, probably on Saturday next. On Monday night the body, accompanied by the royal family, was taken to Belem, where the remains will lie in state in the monastery of the church of St. Jerome. A deputation from the German regiment of which the deceased was honorary colonel will attend the funeral.

SAINTS IN NORWAY.

Mormons Thrive in the Country Across the Derp.

Mr. Gerhard Gade, United States consul to Christiana, Norway, has sent the following interesting dispatch to the state department respecting Mormons in that country:

"At the semi-annual conference, lately held in this city by the Mormon residents, it was reported that the aggregate number of Mormons in Norway is at present 740—120 of whom belong to their clergy. But of the latter, 12 are elders residing in Utah, but working here as missionaries for a short time.

"The Scandinavian mission is presided over by a Dane named Fjeldsted. During the past four months 36 persons were baptized, and 66, including children, emigrated to Utah. Last year 70 emigrated, but Mormons emigrating this year will become more numerous, as a large emigration will take place in the month. Passage money from Norwegians already settled in Utah is, in most cases, all-powerful in inducing their relatives here to follow them to America.

"In this country the Mormons have nine stations, viz: In Christiana, where they count 363 members; in Deammin, the province of Heremaken; in Tuyrikstad, Frederikshold, Arnidat, Bergen, Droesheim and Tramso. Their first station was at Brevik, established in 1852. Since that time about 5,000 Norwegians have emigrated to Utah."

THE NEWS ABROAD.

Long Distance Telephones Successfully Operated—American Counterfeiters at Work.

What is undoubtedly the longest telephone circuit on the continent was opened to the public on October 20. The line is from Vienna, in Austria, to Leipsig, and every word could be perfectly understood, and the voice recognized without difficulty. The distance between the two cities is something less than three hundred miles, but the telephone wires, instead of being carried along the routes of the railways, where the noise of passing trains was found to interfere materially with the working of the long distance instruments, are strung along the highways where the results are found to be much better; and the actual distance on these routes is nearly 350 miles.

A strange fact has been noticed in connection with this route. While the speaker at Vienna is heard with remarkable clearness and accuracy at Leipsig and all points along the route, as at Prague and Dresden, a speaker at either of these points is heard with much more difficulty at Vienna.

The electricians of the company are as yet unable to furnish a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon. Why sounds travelling from east to west should be clear and distinct, while those traveling in the other direction are more or less blurred remains a puzzle.

The Russian police at Odessa, late on Saturday night, arrested two men, said to be American, charged with circulating large amounts of the new and dangerous forged 25 rouble bills of the bank of Russia. Two packages, purporting to be bales of cotton clothes, which arrived from New York last week were consigned to one of these men and on examination by the customs officials they were found to contain nearly a million roubles of these counterfeit bills. To avert suspicion from themselves, they circulated none of the stuff in Odessa, but St. Petersburg and Moscow and other large cities have been flooded with it for three months.

The counterfeit, which is undoubtedly of American manufacture, is so perfect that it passes without question, and everywhere, except at the counter of the bank of Russia, appears to answer every purpose of the genuine bills.

GENERAL NEWS.

GEN. HARTRANFT.

The Ex-Governor's Last Illness — Brief Sketch of His Life.

Gen. Hartranft, ex Governor of Pennsylvania, died at Norristown on Oct. 17. He was the victim of a complication of diseases. He first took an alarming turn on the 11th. On the night of the 16th he was worse, and did not rally up to the time of his death.

[Gen. John F. Hartranft was born in Montgomery county, Pa., December 16, 1830, and graduated from Union college at the age of 23. In the war of the rebellion he served with distinction, commanding a Pennsylvania regiment under Burnside. He was made a brigadier-general in May, 1864, and for gallantry on the battlefield of Fort Steadman before Petersburg in March, 1865, he was brevetted major-general. After the war he was elected auditor-general of Pennsylvania and later on was twice chosen to fill the gubernatorial chair. He has also served as collector for the port of Philadelphia and was recently mentioned as the probable successor of Corporal Tanner as pension commissioner.]

On Oct. 21, the day of the funeral, all places of business, banks, factories, etc., were closed out of respect to the late general. At 9:30 a. m. general services, according to the ritual of the Protestant Episcopal Church, were held at the family residence.

These services were strictly private, and none but the members of the family were present. At 10:30 the casket was placed on a gun carriage and, drawn by six black horses and escorted by a detachment of infantry, was slowly conducted through the streets to the Montgomery county Court-house, a spacious building located in the center of the city.

Here the casket was mounted on a catafalque, and the doors were thrown open in order that the public might have an opportunity to view the body.

Lines of people passed through the court house in double file between the hours of 11 and 2, and it is estimated that 20,000 people gazed on the face of the dead general as he lay in a black casket, dressed in a major-general's uniform, and with the medals and badges gained by him during a long and honorable military career pinned on the left breast of the coat.

The room in which the body rested was heavily draped with black and the national colors. Most of the buildings in the city were likewise hung with mourning and flags floated at half mast from the flagpoles.

At 2 o'clock the doors were closed and Rev. Mr. Henry G. McCook, of Philadelphia, chaplain of the second regiment, N. G. P., began the funeral oration. At 3 o'clock the march to the cemetery commenced. At the grave services will be held by the Grand Army and Masons.

DANGER OF FAMINE.

Reports from Various Counties Show Much Destitution.

There is great danger that the famine among the farmers of Central Dakota last winter will repeat itself this year. Intelligence received at Sioux Falls on Oct. 16 from Miner county discloses the fact that a large number of farmers in that section are in destitute circumstances. Owing to the drought their crops were a total failure this season.

In a letter addressed to parties in this city, D. Severs, pastor of the Congregational church at Carthage, and E. J. Reeves, chairman of the county commissioners, say: "The people are now in pressing need of clothing for the winter. There are scores of families who have no wheat, corn or vegetables, with scarcely hay enough to feed their teams and one cow through the winter.

"They have nothing to sell and no way to provide for the demands of a Dakota winter. They are disheartened and discouraged. Without coloring we could relate to you several sad instances. What aid you can extend the poor in Miner county will be thankfully received."

A relief committee has been appointed to solicit aid and many towns throughout the state are responding liberally to the call for assistance.

Result of the Drouth.

L. P. Rea, of Miles City, Mont., a member of the Montana legislature, says in western Montana the grass is literally withered away for want of rain. Many thousands of head of cattle have starved to death for want of grass and famished for water.

"Ranchmen," said he, "in that part of the state are paying as high as $20 and $25 a ton for hay, and in a week or two it will be impossible to get it at any price. Water is being hauled in some cases as far as 20 miles and several ranchmen have made preparations to go farther west."

IMPORTANT DECISION.

When a Railroad Ceases to Be a Common Carrier and Becomes a Freight House.

The Supreme court of Iowa, at Des Moines, on Oct. 19, rendered an important decision bearing upon the enforcement of the prohibitory liquor law. An information had been filed before a justice alleging that certain liquors, owned by Con Creeden, were kept in the Rock Island freight depot in Des Moines, intended for sale in violation of the law.

The railroad company was made a party, the case was tried in the District court, and the liquors were ordered destroyed. The defendants appealed, claiming that the liquors were in the custody of the railroad as a common carrier, and that the matter became one of inter-state commerce, over which the state courts had no jurisdiction.

The decision of the Supreme court finds that Creeden was a persistent violator of the law, and had been receiving liquor in this way for some time, using the freight office as a storage room to keep the packages.

This liquor had been received from six to fifteen days prior to the seizure. The court holds that the inter-state commerce features of the transaction ended when the liquors had reached the freight-house; that the railroad in keeping them for several days was holding them not as a carrier, but as a warehouseman. Under the circumstances it rules that the liquor was being held for illegal purposes and was no longer a matter of interstate commerce, and was properly seized and destroyed.

PRAYING FOR AID.

The Colored People of the North Feel the Wrongs of Their Race.

The colored people of Chicago filled to overflowing the different churches which they attend, on the 20th, and passed the day in fasting and prayer. The colored pastors preached sermons and prayed for the power of the Almighty to relieve the colored people of the south from oppression and wrong.

It was the day set apart by the recent convention of colored clergymen at Indianapolis, for prayer and supplication in behalf of the suffering negroes in the South.

A dispatch from St. Louis, says similar services were conducted in the colored churches there.

Mormon Difficulties.

Testimony was taken at Salt Lake City on October 15 before Supreme Court Clerk Bache, with a view to fixing the compensation for the year ending November 9, of Frank H. Dyer, the receiver of the Mormon church property. He testified that he now held $1,000,000 worth of property in his possession, and asked for a fee of $5000 a month. Counsel for the Mormon church claimed that the whole proceedings were void, and they objected to the compensation. The clerk took the matter under advisement.

Congressman Nutting Dead.

Hon. Newton W. Nutting, representative in Congress from the Twenty-seventh district of New York, died at Oswego on Oct. 15, aged 49. He was a member of the Forth-eighth and Fiftieth Congress, and was elected to the Fifty-first Congress, but resigned his seat on the 10th inst. His disease was cancer in the right jaw.

The Pope Feeble.

The Pope gave audience to a party of French pilgrims Sunday and delivered an address to them. He appeared feeble, and his voice was almost inaudible. In his address he urged the necessity of religion for the masses, and said that the papacy was a protector of the working classes.

The Cronin Jury.

The examination of veniremen in the Cronin case was continued in the Criminal court at Chicago, October 22, and when recess was taken for lunch the panel was full, subject to consultation by the state upon the advisability of accepting or of peremptorily challenging the last man examined.

KING MATAAFA.

Germany Not Disposed to Assent—What the State Department Says.

The *Herald* correspondent sends his paper the following from Washington on Oct. 18: "I called upon the secretary of